

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1863.

MONEY.

BY J. D. BELL.

THE prayer of Agur in the proverb is philosophic. He asked not for riches, knowing that the rich are too often inflated and atheistical; he asked not for poverty, being assured that the poor are too often brutalized by penury and privation. If he should be full he feared he should be disposed scoffingly to say, "Who is the Lord?" If he should be destitute he feared he should be disposed to "steal and take the name of his God in vain." But he wished a competence, and so may we all.

We depend for our happiness and our goodness on many acquisitions, and it is a truth well worth our heed that of these acquisitions money is not the least important. There is a forbidden carefulness, but it is not forbidden to seek silver, and gold, and bank-notes, so that, as the common people say, something may be laid up for sickness, and rainy days, and old age, and the children. And there is another reason why we should strive to secure a competence. It is that we may be able to aid in the promotion of various undertakings for the good of mankind. All great and excellent enterprises are brought to success by money that has been earned, and saved, and, like the two mites of that holy woman whose example is immortalized in the Gospel, has been placed in the Lord's treasury. There is a weighty truth in the paradoxical assertion that the wheels which carry forward good causes do not revolve. They are wheels of gold, of silver, and of copper. The Church depends on subscriptions and contributions, and these depend mainly on competences, and competences mainly depend on individual industry and frugality. Honor, therefore, to all those who, with an energy and an economy accordant with the spirit of the prayer

of Agur, the son of Jakeh, are daily gathering some of those wheels which, without turning, help men to happiness and bear their laudable schemes to success.

We can not all become rich, and it is, perhaps, best that we can not. But to be cheerful and manly we must know how to get money. The Judæan Baptist ate locusts and wild honey, and "had his raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins." But there is no reason for thinking that his steps were dogged by wolfish want. He chose the rude fare of monks and anchorites, and if he would, he could have had money and better food. Men can willingly endure privation and stint so long as they can see that these are not inevitable. Hard living was the choice of the stern and solemn seers of old, who deemed it indispensable to the attainment of a sacred and sublime purity. But after all, we may consistently affirm that it is not the nature of real poverty to make piety holier or courage grander. Why not? Because poverty is essentially a tyranny. It abridges liberty, it benumbs sensibility, it keeps down the spirit of manhood. Not the poets only, like Moore, have observed how apt, in matrimonial life, love is to fly out at the window when poverty enters at the door. No excellent quality of the soul can thrive well under oppression, and what oppression is greater than that which involves a servile, distressful struggle for money? Unquestionably there are those who would at this hour prefer the abject state of a despot's bondman to the degrading destitution which teaches them the mockery and the meanness of poverty's freedom.

We grant that men once cramped and made callous by the slavery of want have emerged into happy circumstances, and seemed not to have been debased at all by their long bondage. We grant, also, that, according to the maxim which tells us "necessity is the mother of

invention," many a man who has made his fortune can attribute his success to certain practical habits and devices which he owed to his stinting circumstances. But, in despite of these concessions, it can be maintained that absolute poverty tends naturally to unman and imbrute those who continually feel its galling yoke. It is a tyranny which, if not timely mitigated, either crushes out life or turns energy of character into desperate hardihood. Men goaded by want will not long be honest when it is clear to them that by a series of deceptions and frauds not likely to be detected they can get money and alleviate their distress. You, perhaps, remember the poor Dutchman's comment on the old adage respecting the policy of honesty. It amounts to the statement that "honesty is the best policy, but it keeps a poor man miserably poor." No doubt the ill-faring mortal acted according to the spirit of his wicked comment. And thus you will see how it is that the bondage of want degrades the soul and urges it to take the vicious way rather than the virtuous. There was once a man who said to his son, "Get money, my son; get it honestly, if you can; but if you can't get it honestly, get it." These words contain the substance of the creed which gaunt and gloomy penury readily adopts and begins to reduce to practice. Most of our rich men were once oppressed by poverty, and they early became accustomed to act on the principle which is at the bottom of the same accursed precept, and they act on it still. These men make the spirit of trade what it is—a false, cowardly, selfish spirit. "What is American trade seeking to-day?" asks Mr. Curtis in his lecture on the policy of honesty. "It is boring into the great empire of Japan, in order, I suppose, to inject the water of Christianity into the roots of Japan civilization. There are those, however, who think it is rather to ascertain whether money may be pumped and sucked out of that country, and if none is to be found there, then this Christian nation will not stop in Japan to introduce its civilization, but will push on to the next country, where better results may attend its boring." Now, we believe that the falseness, the cowardice, and the selfishness of the spirit of trade may be traced to the tyranny of poverty, which serves to domesticate in the heart a Satanic principle of money-getting. Alas! too soon the same necessity which pinches the body makes the conscience unsusceptible and numb. The tyranny of poverty supplies the tuition by which men are educated for deceit and crime, for the prison and the gallows. It is a fact which Christian philanthropy seems

not yet to have fully learned that vagrant destitution is not long in degenerating into vagabond rascality. There goes to-day with sad step and sadder countenance in the greatest of American cities some poor young man without employment and almost without money, who, if you could know all his feelings—O, if you could know them all! Pardon my abrupt turn of expression. I can not entertain the image now in my mind without strong emotion. It is of a kind which should suffice to soften as well as quicken the throb of the hardest heart. Would that I could both truthfully and vividly delineate the case which my own imagination clearly beholds, and which, I believe, is often realized in human experience! Some poor youth is in the metropolis to-day looking with melancholy eyes on every busy man he meets or sees. He is far from his friends. Perhaps he has been obliged to flee from the old homestead where he was born and cradled and seek employment among strangers. And now the great question with him is how he shall get a living. A few dollars—perhaps only a few dimes—are all the pecuniary stock he has in the world. He knows the whole amount to a cent. He puts his hand now and then into his pocket that he may be certain whether he has or has not lost the little dwindling sum. O, can it be that every farthing of money he has a right to consider his own is done up in that small leather receptacle he calls his pocket-book? Yes, such is the case. Poor fellow! he dares not let himself live well to-day. Every good meal he buys, every wholesome lodging he purchases, makes his little stock of money more meager. He is seeking a situation in which he may earn his living. He applies for one here and for one there. But he finds the object of his painful quest neither here nor there. Failure follows failure. All the benefactors seem to this lonely youth to have gone out of the world. Anxious, homely, unbefriended soul! still hoping, still trying to help thyself, envying as thou treadest on the solid pavement the very poorest of the laborers around thee that know they shall be paid for the sweat they are shedding, ready to count it a happy lot couldst thou but find even some niggardly and exacting man for thy employer, under whom thou wouldst have to learn what it is to live in "dread dependence on the low-bred mind." O, wandering, joyless youth, almost penniless as thou art, how, unless God helps thee, canst thou get along with thy poor, flabby pocket-book?

The ways of this world, reader, may all seem pleasant to you, but remember, they do not seem so to every one. There is a distress which

pen has never fully portrayed, and it is the distress for money. There is a distracting, depressing anxiety which printed page has never fully depicted, and it is the anxiety of him who is seeking employment among strangers, and who knows that his little sum of money is well-nigh exhausted.

And now do you not see how great, nay, how terrible must be the ordeal which has been presented? Is it strange that many of those whose courage and virtue are doomed to be thus tried to the uttermost in poverty's bondage lose after a while the cohesive power of their self-respect and their consciousness of honesty and become vicious and criminal? No, it is not strange. There is required in a young man who goes almost destitute of money into a city and there begins to seek a situation, there is required, to enable him to endure without debasement the weakening, crushing trial, far more of that heroic stuff which, in darker times, was the strength of martyrs than many a fortune-favored person of the present day would suppose. The difference between the higher and the lower grades of society is best explained by money. The ragged poor, whose very touch would, perhaps, be regarded by fastidious aristocracy as defiling, might have taken rank with the well-bred and well-clothed had not the tyranny of circumstances long years ago broken down their manhood, when, unlike those who seek comfort of the Heavenly Father, they sought comfort of men and found it not. O, watchful, faithful Providence! we thank thee that while careless Ease and proud Affluence turn coldly from the needy stranger who comes to them seeking employment thou followest him with thine eye of love as he wanders; thou pitiest him when, dumb with grief, he sits down at the side of the noisy street, and when night comes and he goes to rest thou, dear, paternal Comforter, dost bid the great care which tortures him to be quiet, and softly detaching his spirit from his aching senses, dost bless him with refreshing sleep.

It is true the dreadful ordeal which has been considered does not result in debasement to all the hapless ones by whom it is suffered. Some of those who undergo it come at length to success and high honors. But even this consolation is weakened by the reflection that of those who do abide the withering trial many must needs show throughout life how seriously it damaged them both in body and in mind. Be the case as it may, in which the tyranny of poverty is long and continuously endured, its effect can not but be deeply injurious to him experiencing it. This is an assertion which will

be found accordant not only with philosophy, but also with facts. I will give an instance which may be taken as representative of more than ten thousand real cases that have never been and perhaps will never be laid before the public. From a letter sent to me by a person of superior mind and considerable literary taste, who once suffered the oppression of want, but is now ranked among men of wealth, I make the following impressive extract: "In regard to personal matters I have not told you much of my history and experience. The whole early period of my life up to thirty, after I left the paternal roof, was a struggle every way. My little patrimony was lost after I had gone into business, partly by fire, and partly by my having extended a helping hand to a friend who proved false. I was thus brought face to face with the world. Then came the grand struggle for bread, and with all my faculties of body and mind bent toward this, of course, the wings of my fancy were furled. In this struggle my health was sacrificed, and by the time I had attained to the dignity and the comforts of married life, I had little capital in the way of health left to enjoy it. Since then illness and cares, anxieties, troubles, and sorrows have been on my track till my nervous system has become nearly a wreck. . . . But amid all I have striven, and prayed, and watched, and endeavored to be right and to do right, although my track has, no doubt, shown sad departures from a right line."

The only comment we have space to make on this morsel of sorrowful history is, that we believe there are many private histories of a similar character which, if published to the world, might well make Christianity blush because she has not more of that mercy which prompted her great Founder to go about doing good—finding, helping, rescuing the struggling poor.

THE RELIGION THAT WILL HAVE VITALITY.

THE fact is, the age in which we live is full of people who are always working and scarce of people who are ever waiting. Hence, a great deal of our religion is public-meeting religion, platform religion, speech religion, missionary and Bible-meeting religion, having a place and a proper place, and a most useful place; but that religion will never have any vitality, or vigor, or growth, or victory unless it be fed by the secret, silent, unnoticed, and unrewarded upon earth, waiting upon the Lord.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE ITINERANCY.

BY REV. J. EMORY SOUND.

A QUARTER of a century is no insignificant period. An experience of that duration usually affords much to interest, amuse, and instruct. It is certainly to be supposed that a life so eventful as that of the Methodist itinerant for so long a time, will be rich enough in incident to profit a hearer or reader for many an hour. Accordingly, when I contemplated the completion of my twenty-fifth year in the itinerancy, I concluded that it would hardly annoy the public if I should write a brief account of my adventures in so excellent a field of duty.

I entered the itinerancy at West Winfield, Herkimer county, New York, on the twenty-fifth day of November, 1835. If any curious reader should examine the Minutes of the Conferences for that year he might not succeed in finding my name among those admitted on trial, he might ascertain that no Conference ever honored West Winfield with its presence, and, worst of all, he might possibly be unable to discover that any Conference was ever in session upon the date I have named. If his investigations lead him to doubt the correctness of my account of myself, or the legitimacy of my claim to a position in the itinerancy at that early date, I can make no explanation. I can assure him that my narrative is correct, and that my introduction into the itinerancy was not informal or disorderly, though it was effected in a manner not provided for in any part of the Methodist Discipline.

Respecting my first field of labor at West Winfield, and the second at Oaksville, I shall say but little. The first was in the land that is more notorious for its cheeses than for the number or success of its aspirants to the ministerial office. That the inhabitants of Herkimer county should pride themselves so much upon a material interest and so little upon the honor reflected upon the county by its connection with the author of the present sketch probably seems inexplicable to the reader, as it certainly does the writer. Evidently it is one instance among many of the groveling disposition of man. The second place mentioned is in the neighboring county of Otsego, in the region which J. Fennimore Cooper distinguished as his own residence and the scene of his thrilling tales. I can relate no incidents of my travels in those early days for the simple reason that I have forgotten them all. The only ex-

ception is a very indistinct and questionable recollection of a journey not exactly comprised in the routine of a circuit-rider's duty—a journey performed without the aid of horse, feet, or saddle-bags, commencing upon a chest that overlooks a certain stairway, and ending at the bottom of the same, after a series of bruises such as few even of Methodist preachers experience, one of which has left its mark upon me to this day. I may add that if it be the duty of a minister to "cry aloud and spare not, to lift up his voice like a trumpet," I have the best of evidence that this duty was faithfully performed. If the inquiry arise, why my memory of early labors should be so indistinct, contrary to the usual experience, I reply again, that I wish simply to relate facts, leaving the reader to make his own explanation. If the older Methodists of these localities fail to recognize the first part of the name of the writer as belonging to a former pastor, I can only express my regret that they should be afflicted with a loss of memory similar to that with which I myself have been troubled.

My next appointment was in the far-famed valley of Wyoming, and embraced the scene of the well-known massacre. My residence was but a few rods from the spot now marked by the extensive buildings of the Wyoming Seminary. I never complained of the bishop for removing me so far, yet it was quite unfortunate that during the journey I took a severe cold, which somewhat impaired my sense of hearing, thereby rendering me, to a limited extent, an object of sympathy for my friends, and of ridicule for the lowest class of my enemies during all my subsequent career.

According to the usual course of narratives like this, I ought to be able to refer, in connection with my third or fourth appointment, to an experience bordering on the romantic. My story would be more interesting if I could state that, during my labors in Wyoming Valley, I offered my hand in marriage to sister Polly Jones, a young lady of unblemished reputation and high moral worth; that, after due deliberation, my offer was accepted, etc. I should be pleased to gratify my readers by making such a statement, and should certainly do so were it not for the serious objection that no such event has ever occurred in the course of my experience. If this sketch be regarded, then, as destitute of romance, it will, at least, possess the higher if not rarer merit of truth.

My fourth appointment was in the somewhat mountainous region of Springville, in Northern Pennsylvania. My recollections of that field of labor are much more distinct, but if I should

mention them in detail they might not seem to the reader to accord with the importance of a narrative like this. The dedication of a new church, and a Sabbath school celebration of the Fourth of July, have made the most definite impression upon my mind.

It pleased the appointing power that my next removal should be to Hyde Park, upon the banks of the Lackawanna. I was well pleased with the appointment, especially as it allowed me to live in a *white house*—a privilege with which I had not been previously favored for several years. The nearest regular preaching-place was Harrison, a village that consisted of a chapel, dwelling-house, grist-mill, and wheat-field. In the course of the year I entered the wheat-field with several men, all of whom, excepting myself, were armed with picks and spades, and commenced digging a cellar for a parsonage, for the white house mentioned above was the property of a private individual. My own agency in erecting the parsonage was confined entirely to overlooking the work of digging on the first day, yet if I claim to have *built* the house, no one who understands upon how slight a pretext a bold, assuming man like myself can appropriate the credit due to the labors of others, will think of disputing my claim.

A few years ago I stood upon the same spot again, but found myself in the center of a village of nearly ten thousand inhabitants. Close by I saw the extensive furnace of the Lackawanna Iron Company. I heard the steady, unceasing roar of the largest steam-engine with which I have ever been acquainted, and all around me the greatest bustle and activity prevailed. The modest, quiet Harrison, with its humble chapel, had given place to the thriving and populous Scranton, with its large hotels, its extensive manufactories, and its lofty church spires. How much this improvement was due to my own labors in former years it would not become me to state. I may add, however, without any danger of being thought extravagant, that, had it not been for me, no one knows what Scranton would have been to-day.

Removing again to the hills of Susquehanna county, I found myself in the town of Brooklyn. Subsequent visits have made me aware that my circuit at that time included a rare variety of wild and romantic scenery, such as few eyes have ever rested upon. The traveler who is familiar with the steep grades, short curves, and picturesque landscapes of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad has seen and admired a portion of my field of labor in those early days. As my acquaintance with

the world was then exceedingly limited, I was not in the least aware how far my privileges in that respect surpassed those of my fellow-men generally.

My sixth appointment brought me to the summit of one of the hills I have mentioned, to a beautiful village that rejoices in the euphonious name of Montrose. While there, in addition to my other labors, I connected myself with the Susquehanna Academy, and commenced studying the Latin tongue, together with other common academic studies. This statement will hardly surprise those who are familiar with the proverbial eagerness of the old itinerant in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; but when I add that I so far forgot the minister in the school-boy as to perform several times the part of "Deacon Homespun" in the time-honored colloquy known by that name, the reader may think that I did not sustain well the dignity of the itinerant's office. I can assure him, however, that no impression of an inconsistency was made upon the minds of the spectators. It may be worthy of mention that he who took the part of the student at the same time has since become a missionary to the East under the authority of the American Board; but, as at that time he claimed to be nothing but a school-boy, his example is hardly to be relied on to sustain the propriety of my course.

Another removal brought me to the banks of the Susquehanna River at Barton City, a metropolis of Southern New York, not quite so populous or so aristocratic as the city from which I now write, yet possessing enough of the elements of human nature to afford scope for the exercise of an itinerant's powers. I remember well that once during my labors here I worked a whole day at rafting for one of the brethren of the Church, and was most happy to receive the sum of twenty-five cents for my services—an incident which I think worthy of record among the toils of which itinerants honorably boast. The brother alluded to being somewhat prominent in the Church had been styled its "bishop," and the term, first applied in joke, had become more and more common, till all persons outside of the Church, and many in it, scarcely knew him by any other name. In later days instances have come to my notice where prominent laymen, after acquiring this title in the same way, have learned to exercise the authority it involves, arrogating to themselves "the care of all the Churches" and a plenary power over ministers. I am not aware that "Bishop B." was ever suspected of such a disposition, yet he certainly exercised authority

over me during the day referred to, and if I mistake not, he has sometimes given me a summary but not very episcopal order to "let things alone." If the public acknowledge my claim to a position in the itinerancy at that early day, I do not see how his claims to the episcopacy can be wholly overlooked. As he is undoubtedly a subscriber for the Repository, this narrative will attract his attention, and as the riddle it contains will be better understood by him than by some others, he may put on a smile of complacency or amusement to learn of his additional claim to episcopal honors.

One incident concerning brother B. is worthy of mention. He was a hard-working man, and as he sat in the house of God it would sometimes require the greatest effort for him to overcome a tendency to drowsiness, and occasionally, in spite of every precaution, to the great scandal of the episcopal office, he would fall asleep. On one of these occasions the rusty, rickety stove-pipe parted at the joint next the elbow and came down with the usual accelerating velocity, though in a manner decidedly uncanonical, directly upon the head of the episcopal sleeper, paying no more respect to the dignity of his office than he had awarded me as a Methodist itinerant. If the laugh, which burst involuntarily from my lips, was unchristian and decidedly unclerical, the stare of amazement and indignation that appeared upon his countenance was equally unepiscopal.

During the labors of my next appointment in the neighboring village of Candor, I felt a strong desire to acquire a more thorough education than I had received during my connection with the Susquehanna Academy. To apply the technical language of our Church to the step I then took would be paradoxical; but if a man who leaves his Conference to make a journey round the world is said to *locate*, then it is not improper for me to say that I located by my journey from Candor to Cazenovia. I prefer, however, to use the language of common-sense and claim to have been an itinerant still.

If Dr. Bristol, now a chaplain in the army, will recall the time when he was preacher in charge at Cazenovia, he may not recollect that during his administration a man came to the seminary to obtain an education after having already spent fifteen years in the itinerancy. The memory of Dr. Banister, then Principal, may be equally defective; for, singular as the statement may seem, though all received me with the utmost cordiality, none awarded me any of the credit due to an old itinerant, with the solitary exception of Prof. Hyde, who occasionally referred to me in his recitations as a "ven-

erable man," though not always in as serious a tone of voice as the importance of the subject demanded. My preparatory studies, my subsequent course at Middletown, and a short period spent in teaching in a Conference seminary in Northern New York, passed by very much like the experience of others in similar relations; but none seemed aware of the long experience through which I had passed; consequently, neither the faculty and students of the Wesleyan University nor the Trustees and teachers of Falley Seminary ever learned to honor me as one who had grown gray in the service of the Church.

It was not till a period of time had elapsed after my first introduction to the itinerancy, sufficient usually to entitle one to a superannuated relation, that I was first recognized by others in the character I have claimed for myself; and not till 1859 was I admitted in the precise form prescribed by the Methodist Discipline. Associates still persist in calling me a young man, and ecclesiastical equals and superiors sometimes speak disparagingly of my inexperience. When I tell them that I have been in the itinerancy longer than they all, a smile of incredulity is the usual result. Probably some of them will learn from this article for the first time how early was my connection with the system so vital to the Methodist economy. Merit is often unrecognized for a time. Conscious of superior claims, of ability at length to make them felt, I have been content to "bide my time." But as my annual Conference for two successive sessions has failed to invite me to deliver a sermon appropriate to the completion of a quarter of a century in the service, I have no resource but to make it up by this contribution to the Repository, which, I hope, will be acceptable to its readers. If any of them desire to see my *semi*-centennial, let them be sure to take the Repository during the year 1886, and if yet living I shall endeavor not to disappoint them.

DELIGHTFUL PICTURES OF CHRIST.

We, who are saved by grace, have room enough in our Redeemer's character for eternal love and wonder. His characters are so varied and all of them so precious that we may still gaze and adore. The Shepherd folding the lambs in his bosom, the Breaker dashing into pieces the opposing gates of brass, the Captain routing all his foes, the Brother born for adversity, and a thousand other delightful pictures of Jesus, are all calculated to stir the affections of the thoughtful Christian.

THE RELATION OF THE VISIBLE TO THE INVISIBLE.

BY REV. O. NAVILAND.

WE live in two worlds, the real and the imaginary. The one is thrust upon us without our consent and beyond the possibility of a choice, and in its incipency just what the combination of circumstances make it; and the other the creation of our own fancy and the result of our faith, taking its outline and character from the exercises of our mind or the emotions of our own heart.

The first is circumscribed by the limitations of the actual and visible, the other stretching far into the illimitably and mysteriously invisible. Changeless as the elements of these two worlds must be from the impossibility of making the present to be future or the future present, nevertheless the dividing line between the two is continually changing, so that what to-day may constitute a part of the world of imagination, fancy, or faith to-morrow becomes an element of the world of reality.

Man's life is cast in the mold of the real, the visible. The imaginary or invisible grows out of the visible, and obtains its form and fullness from the peculiar elements thereof which are permitted to enter into the second life according to the will of the individual. The "things that do appear" possess combinations and powers of combination which, skillfully handled, are powerful for good, but which, molded into improper forms, or left to make their own impression, sap the foundations of the better life and subvert the reign of right in the soul.

The relation of the visible to the invisible is the relation of life to death, of earth to heaven, of present uncertain enjoyment to future and unchanging bliss. In casting our life in the mold of the actual, the "Father of spirits" doubtless designed man's best good, making an experience of joy the result of toil, and enhancing the pleasure of being by the very difficulties obstructing its progress. All parts of the visible have been by the good providence of God endued with powers and filled with lessons which, if properly brought out, will increase the happiness of the world to come. Thus the one great principle of change which pervades the world of reality, while it brings tears and sorrow, serves also to divide between the affections and the world, and, like the faithful finger-board, points to the "city out of sight." As we look at those things which are present with us we can not deny that they all are vanishing. The unnumbered disappointments we have met

in this life have, perhaps, created in us the thought that we are selected sufferers, whose life is a continued shadow, and whose future wears the pall of gloom. Indeed, we have felt that

"Ever thus since childhood's hour
We've seen our fondest hopes decay;
We never loved a tree or flower
But 't was the first to fade away."

It is only by thus seizing upon the present appearance of matters of fact and refusing to look upon their bearing upon the future, that we have foiled our fortune and failed to derive the proper benefit from them. Nothing exists in the world of reality that does not bear a peculiar relation to that which is to be our future. In all things, from the smallest forms that people the world to those weightier and more important matters relating to our experience, we see, if observant, the earnest of what is before us. Our character, upon which so much in reference to ourselves depends, is formed upon the basis of that which is evident to our senses, the most trifling things serving either to elevate it into symmetry and purity, or depressing and distorting it into deformity and corruption. None can deny that the unseen exercises of the mind, the activity of thought, depend largely for their direction upon the actual by which we are surrounded. He who exercises care to select the better part of the visible from the worse may not only engender holy thoughts, but also furnish food upon which the purity of the soul shall flourish forever. The importance of the relation of that which appears to the thoughts or imaginations as a part of the world of the invisible appears when we remember that, while we may withdraw from all else, our reflections are our constant companions, erecting themselves into forms of beauty and joys forever, or presenting the distorted imagery of past, present, and future woe. Let us consider that most of the happiness of this life consists in the anticipations of that which is to come, rests, indeed, in the world of fancy or expectation, and we can, perhaps, better understand that the visible to the invisible bears principally the relation of solicitor, inciter, and instructor.

But let us enlarge our views and consider the world of imagination depending upon things invisible as stretching its limits far into the world of futurity. Here, as the importance of that other existence rises before us, are trifles clothed with power, and things insignificant become wondrously weighty, the more so, indeed, as the visible passes never to return, while the invisible draws near never to depart.

It matters not to us that times and seasons,

hopes and fears, or the earth and the heavens change for weal or woe so long as we view the whole of the consequences or the relations of the visible merged into one grand, one momentous result which shall wait in vain for eternity's terminus ere it turns back from its stability.

It matters not so much to us that things temporal and material pass away, since these in other forms and varied phases are returned to us in their results or their kind, but to us there is but one life here with the visible, one state of preparation, one period of causes producing results, one strain rounding, changing, and swelling into cadences of heavenly melody, or discordant, jarring, and painful in its wailing as we apply either true or false principles to its development.

The fact that the relation of the visible in this life to the invisible in the life to come is that of type to antitype, ought to move us by every consideration of hope or happiness so to apply the principles of the first to the development of the second that when the joy of the visible shall have passed away the blissfulness of the invisible may compensate for all other losses. The cultivation of love for the invisible very frequently depends upon the visible not only for its progress, but also for its very beginning, in fact for its incitement.

The experience of the best of men demonstrates that the appreciation of and love for the attributes of God grow out of and are intensified by a view of the majestic movements of God in nature. The connection between a love for the unseen and a love for the revealed, or at least a love for those "things that do appear," as necessarily preceding a love for the things that do not appear, is distinctly set forth in inspiration. "For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

The impression made upon the mind of the young Doddridge by the Scripture illustrations upon the tiles of the old Dutch fireplace without doubt largely tended to the development of that love for the invisible things there represented, which added to his spirituality and enjoyment in this world and the world to come.

God traces the imagery of the pure and good in the works of his hands, outlines the lineaments of heaven on the passing glories of the present, that the soul brought into companionship with things celestial by their representations here may be the better fitted for the full enjoyment of the things yet to be revealed. Who passes heedlessly by the lessons of the real or actual, slights God's ministers and lays the basis of barrenness in the soul. The stones

upon which we thoughtlessly tread may be reared into structures of hope whose massive grandeur shall flash defiance to every storm of sorrow or distress. The twigs that bend and crackle beneath our feet may form a ladder whose foot shall rest amid the realities of the present, but whose top shall be lost in the untold glories of the celestial sphere. God speaks in every rippling stream and every fluttering leaf. The moanings of the tempest-rocked forest are but the expression of his power, and the wrathful mutterings of the far-off thunder tell of wave on wave of coming majesty. Let us then look for the golden chain of connection between the visible and the invisible, whose first link lies in the lowliness of earth's small things, but whose last holds fast the throne of the Eternal; and as we follow its shining course new joys, new hopes, new powers continually unfolding before us shall prove the operation of the wisdom of God in molding stability out of fickleness and immortality out of decay.

THE WEE WHITE HANDS THAT TRAINED IT.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

HEAVILY on the lattice

The jasmin droops to-day,
And through the parted curtains
Its wistful budlets stray—

But the little dimpled fingers
That fondled them o'er and o'er,
And the lips that wooed the blossoms
To life are there no more.

Heavily hang the roses

Beside the garden wall;
With an early canker smitten,
Their leaves begin to fall;

The bush hath broken its fastenings
From off the frame above,
And the wee white hands that trained it
Have left their work of love.

Heavily on our household

A crushing grief is pressed—
A blight that craved the daintiest flowers
Upon a mother's breast.

Heaven pardon the soul that yieldeth
So loth its sacrifice,
And pity a mortal yearning
That heaves the heart with sighs!

Heavily lies the morning,

Its breath is damp and faint,
And through the open window
Comes in the dove's complaint;
Ah me, that her little nestlings
Are spared to cry for bread,
While mine, who never knew a want,
Are numbered with the dead!

MARTHA WASHINGTON, WIFE OF THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE "White House," on the peninsula near Yorktown, and "Mt. Vernon," on the south bank of the Potomac, fifteen miles below Washington City, have, within the past few years, acquired other and less honorable associations than those which linked them with the name of Washington—the first as the early home of the wife of the Father of his Country, the second as the place where the last years of both were passed, and where their ashes now slumber.

Martha Dandridge was born in May, 1732. She was descended from an old and respectable family in the Virginia colony. She was endowed with a graceful and commanding person, and even at an early age characterized by good sense, gentleness of manner, a quick perception of propriety, and a ready power of self-adaptation to the exigencies and necessities of practical life. At the early age of seventeen she was married to Col. Daniel Parke Custis, a young gentleman of high social connections, great wealth, and also of noble qualities of mind and heart. Four children were born unto them—a girl, who died in infancy; a son, named Daniel, a child of great promise, but who died young; Martha, who arrived to womanhood, and died in 1770; and John, who served under Washington during the Revolution, and lost his life at the siege of Yorktown, aged twenty-seven.

Col. Custis was a man of uncommon capacity and energy. He was a planter upon a most extensive scale, and by his enterprise and success added in a few years largely to his paternal inheritance. The death of his beloved son fell with crushing weight upon his heart, and he, too, sunk down to die. A well-authenticated anecdote of his dying hour places the character of this just and good man in a beautiful light. He sent for a tenant to whom there was due one shilling, which, in settling an account, had not been paid. The tenant begged the Colonel not to trouble himself about the trifle at such a moment, saying he had actually forgotten it. "But I have not," replied the just man; "please take the money," he added, pointing to the coin he had laid out for the purpose. When the tenant had taken it, he said, "Now my accounts are all closed with this world." Soon after he expired.

Thus at an early age was Mrs. Custis left a widow, with two children. To their education and to the management of her husband's vast estate she now applied herself with rare ability and success. According to Mr. Sparks, Col.

Custis left \$225,000 in money, and also a large amount in landed estates in New Kent county. All this immense estate was divided into three equal parts, the sole right of one-third to be in Mrs. Custis, and also the sole management of the other two-thirds, which was to be equally divided between the two children. The sequel of her management fully justified the unbounded confidence of her husband.

In 1759 Mrs. Custis became the wife of Col. George Washington, and removed from the "White House" to Mt. Vernon, which now became the permanent family residence. This estate George Washington inherited from his eldest brother, Lawrence. This brother held a captain's commission in the provincial troops, employed in the expedition against Carthage, under Admiral Vernon. On his return he settled upon his patrimonial estate, giving to it the name of *Mount Vernon*, in honor of his Admiral. Dying soon after, he bequeathed his estate to his only child, in case of whose death it was to descend to his brother George, with the reservation of the use of the same to the wife during her lifetime. It had come into the possession of Washington, and been the place of his residence some time before his marriage. It now became the home of refinement and of that generous hospitality which characterized the great planters of Virginia in the olden time.

Mrs. Washington devoted herself with unsparing effort, and with her good practical sense and Christian principle, to the education of her two surviving children. Both of them gave promise of amply repaying the great expenditure of a mother's unreserving and well-directed love. Martha, wearing the mother's name, and also many of her traits of person and character, grew up to be a young lady of rare beauty and promise. But she was stricken down in the early dawn of womanhood. Her death, which occurred in 1770, fell heavily on the heart of the mother. In its ultimate influence it threw over her a chastened pensiveness which added much to her personal attractiveness. There is reason also to believe that it was the means of bringing her into closer union with the spiritual and invisible. Her piety wore a deeper and holier tinge; there was a greater abstraction from mere worldly purposes; and her charities to the poor became still more abundant.

Nearly seventeen years after their marriage were passed in the quiet, if not monotonous rounds of the planter's life. This monotony was somewhat relieved, on the part of Col. Washington, by the exercise of the functions of a local magistrate, and also those of representative in the Provincial Legislature, of which he

was a member for fifteen successive years. Though digressing a little from our subject, we can not forbear a characteristic incident of Col. Washington at this period. It is told by Wirt in his *Life of Patrick Henry*:

"By a vote of the House, the Speaker, Mr. Robinson, was directed to return their thanks to Col. Washington, on behalf of the colony, for the distinguished military services which he had rendered to his country. As soon as Col. Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to this order, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity, but with such warmth of coloring and strength of expression as entirely confounded the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgments for the honor; but such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second, when the Speaker relieved him by a stroke of address that would have done honor to Louis the Fourteenth, in his proudest and happiest moment: 'Sit down, Mr. Washington,' said he, with a conciliating smile, 'your modesty equals your valor; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess.'"

Col. Washington was a member of the first Congress, which assembled in Philadelphia. The war with the mother country was now "inevitable." It had already "begun." Her husband left home counting upon only a brief absence; but nine months had already elapsed, and then, instead of his return, there came the following letter, announcing his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the American army. This letter is said to be the only one extant of all the letters addressed to her—she having carefully destroyed all the others a short time before her death. For that reason, and also because it shows so clearly his delicate appreciation of the noble qualities of his wife, we give it entire:

PHILADELPHIA, 18 JUNE, 1775.

My Dearest.—I am now set down to write to you on a subject, which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased, when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defense of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant pros-

pect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did, perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the Fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content, and a tolerable degree of tranquillity; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place—for I had no time to do it before I left home—got Col. Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which will I now inclose. The provision made for you, in case of my death, will, I hope, be agreeable.

I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy,

Your affectionate GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In company with her son John, now her only surviving child, she traveled all the way from New Kent county, Virginia, by land, and joined her husband at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 11th of December. Here she remained during the Winter and till the siege of Boston was raised, March 17, 1776. Two considerations now induced her to take her leave. To remain with the army during active service, she was satisfied she would be an incumbrance rather than a help. On the other hand, her presence was much needed at home to look after her husband's interest, and the more so, as her son had elected, with her full consent, to follow the fortunes of war with his step-father, to whom he could hardly have been more tenderly attached had he been his own father. On her part, both husband and son were freely given to the service of their country.

A woman of such capacity and activity, and who entered so heartily into the struggle for American independence, could not be idle. Immediately on her return "she established a domestic system thoroughly adapted to the exigencies of the times, and eminently calculated as an example most beneficially to influence others. Her dress—always remarkable for its simplicity—was soon composed almost entirely of home-made materials, as was the clothing of her numerous domestics. We have her own authority for the fact that 'she had a great deal of domestic cloth made in her house,' and that 'sixteen spinning-wheels were kept in constant operation' at Mt. Vernon. On one occasion, when conversing with some friends upon this and similar topics, she gave the best proof of her success in domestic manufactures by the exhibition of two of her dresses, which were composed of cotton striped with silk, and entirely home-made. The silk stripes in the fabric were woven from 'the ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chair-covers!' Momentarily to anticipate in our narrative—when Washington arrived at New York to assume his duties as first President of the United States, he was attired in a complete suit of home-spun cloth."

When Washington led his army into Winter-quarters at Morristown, New Jersey, in January of 1777, he was again rejoined by his wife; and thenceforward it became her invariable custom to spend her Winters in camp, contributing by her presence to relieve its monotony, and also becoming a ministering angel to the suffering and sorrowing. These journeys, no matter however long, were always made in her own carriage, so that she had always the means at hand of speedy departure, and her example became contagious among the wives of the officers, and in consequence camp life was relieved of much of its tediousness, and saved from many of its demoralizing tendencies. "Lady Washington," as she was called in the army, was the center of a brilliant and polished coterie during the Winter months, through all the war. In after life she was accustomed to say that "she had heard the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing of all the campaigns of the Revolution."

The following story is related by Mrs. Ellet in her interesting volumes on the "Women of the Revolution." It is a beautiful commentary on the character of "Lady Washington," and gives a better idea of her "camp life" than could be conveyed possibly by any verbal description. She says, "There were but two frame houses in the settlement—where Washington had estab-

lished his Winter-quarters—and neither had a finished upper story. The General was contented with his rough dwelling, but wished to prepare for his wife a more retired and comfortable apartment. He sent for the young mechanic, who was himself many years afterward the narrator of the incident, and desired him and one of his fellow-apprentices to fit up a room in the upper story for the accommodation of Lady Washington through the Winter. She herself arrived before the work was commenced. 'She came,' says the military carpenter, 'into the place, a portly-looking, agreeable woman of forty-five, and said to us: "Now, young men, I care for nothing but comfort here; and should like you to fit me up a closet on one side of the room, and some shelves and places for hanging clothes on the other." We went to work with all our might. Every morning about eleven, Mrs. Washington came up stairs with a glass of spirits for each of us; and after she and the General had dined, we were called down to eat at their table. We worked very hard, nailing smooth boards over the rough and worm-eaten planks, and stopping the crevices in the walls made by time and hard usage. We then consulted together how we could smooth the uneven floor, and take out, or cover over some of the huge black knots. We studied to do every thing to please so pleasant a lady, and to make some return in our humble way for the kindness of the General. On the fourth day, when Mrs. Washington came up to see how we were getting along, we had finished the work, made the shelves, put up the pegs in the wall, built the closet, and converted the rough garret into a comfortable apartment. As she stood looking around, I said, "Madam, we have endeavored to do the best we could; I hope we have suited you." She replied, smiling, "I am astonished! your work would do honor to an old master—and you are mere lads. I am not only satisfied, but highly gratified by what you have done for my comfort."'"

The unparalleled sufferings of the army at Valley Forge, during the Winter of 1777-8, were shared by "Lady Washington." The old stone house, known as "Washington's Head-Quarters," at Newburg, on the Hudson River, was also one of the Winter homes of Mrs. Washington. How things were managed there, are best indicated in a letter written by the Marquis de Chastellux, who was their guest. He says it is "built in the Dutch fashion, neither large nor commodious. The largest room in it, which Gen. Washington has converted into his dining-room, is tolerably spacious, but it has seven doors, and only one window. The chimney is against the wall; so that there is, in fact, but one vent for

the smoke, and the fire is in the room itself. I found the company assembled in a small room, which served as a parlor. At nine supper was served; and, when bed-time came, I found that the chamber to which the General conducted me was the very parlor spoken of, wherein he had made them place a camp-bed. We assembled at breakfast the next morning at ten, during which interval my bed was folded up; and my chamber became the sitting-room for the whole afternoon." A few years since, this rude building was yet standing. It could be plainly seen from the deck of the passing steamer. Once we spent a half-hour at this sacred shrine. To us it possessed more than a historic interest. Just seventy-five years before, the grandfather whose name we wear, then a non-commissioned officer in the body-guard of Washington, had been there, a participant in the scenes that occurred; and there the tales heard from him in our boyhood started fresh to life.

We come to the siege of Yorktown. As the morning light of national independence broke upon a joyful land, a new sorrow stung the heart of Mrs. Washington. Col. Custis, now her only living child, was stricken down with the malignant fever at the moment Cornwallis surrendered. He was removed from the camp to Eltham. His mother hastened to his bedside. So deeply attached was Washington to him, that the moment he was aware of the dangerous type his illness had assumed, he privately left the camp before Yorktown, while it yet rang with the shouts of victory, and, attended by a single officer, rode with all speed to Eltham. On his arrival he found the scene just closing. A few minutes more and Mrs. Washington was childless. The meeting of husband and wife under such circumstances was deeply affecting. But inexorable duty admitted of no delay; Washington tore himself away, leaving his heart-stricken wife to look to God alone for support. Four little grandchildren and a widowed daughter-in-law now claimed her attention and care. Most faithfully did she devote herself to them. Would they had better rewarded her care, and had never lived to dishonor the name of Washington!

When the treaty of peace was concluded, and he who was "first in arms, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," laid aside the sword with the purpose of retiring to private life, and spending the evening of his days in the bosom of his family, it was a joyous time at Mt. Vernon. Mrs. Washington met him at Annapolis, and in their private carriage they journeyed to their home. It might be supposed that, with abundant wealth and large sources of enjoyment, Mrs. Washington would relax in the sterner duties of

life. But she continued to rise with the sun, devoted several hours of each day to the personal superintendence of her domestic affairs, so that she was always, in fact as well as in name, mistress of her house. The affairs of the estate, through the absence of Washington, and the frequent absences of his wife, during the period of nine years, and also through the unsettled condition of all monetary affairs of the country during the war, had become somewhat complicated and embarrassed, so that they now needed the presence of both master and mistress. Yet these private concerns were not permitted long to occupy the Father of his Country.

On the adoption of the Federal Constitution, Washington was called to preside over the destinies of the Republic. His wife accompanied him to New York city. Their journey was, from beginning to end, the grandest ovation, springing spontaneously from the hearts of the people, the country ever witnessed. The ceremonial at Trenton, where white-robed girls strewed flowers along the path of the conqueror, and grave matrons came out to do him reverence, will live in history forever.

The organization of the Federal Government took place in the city of New York, in April, 1789. Its seat was soon after removed to Philadelphia. And, in 1791, it was removed to its present site, and the place named Washington. Here the last six years of his presidential service were passed.

It is not our purpose to describe the "receptions" or court etiquette observed at the presidential mansion at this period. Only let us place on record the fact that the President was accustomed to retire at half-past ten. Also, that no company was received on the Sabbath. Both of them attended public worship during the day, and in the evening he would read from the Bible, or some devotional book, to his wife. At the close of his second official term, after witnessing the inauguration of his successor, Washington retired from public life for the last time. Two years later, his illustrious career was suddenly and unexpectedly terminated after a few days' illness. His death gave a shock to the whole country. But the blow fell heaviest upon that faithful heart that had followed him for nearly forty years, through all the perils and toils of an eventful life. She was kneeling at the foot of the bed when he died. When the death agony was over, and the Father of his Country was no more, she said, in a clear, calm voice—calm only in obedience to the strong will that for the moment overmastered the terrible agony of soul that struggled within—"T is well; all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more

trials to pass through." Children and husband—all were now gone. But in God she had an unwavering trust. For half a century it had been her habit to spend an hour every morning alone with her Bible and her God. That Divine communion had been a source of heavenly comfort, but its influence was now conspicuous in that sublime spiritual serenity of soul, sustained in the midst of bereavement and in the near prospect of the grave.

Two years longer she patiently waited the summons that should call her to rejoin the illustrious companion of her life. Then the messenger came. With the utmost composure she perfected all the arrangements for her departure—gave to her faithful servants her blessing, to her grandchildren her dying charge—and then calmly and trustfully stepped down into the dark valley, through which all who journey must travel alone.

Her death occurred in the year 1801, during the seventy-first year of her age. Her remains were inclosed in a leaden coffin and placed beside those of Washington, in the family tomb at Mount Vernon.

EXTRACTS FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

MIFFDOM, Aug. 3d.

IT is a long time, little volume, since I have committed either my joys or sorrows to your safe-keeping. I have had no heart to journalize, no desire to record for future reading the events which are so trying to poor human nature while transpiring. Indeed, I have nearly resolved to wrap the mantle of oblivion, so far as it was possible, over the incidents and feelings of the entire Conference year, but a long conversation with my wife has altered my programme. She argues that a book needs a sprinkling of the ills of life to make its sunny scenes agreeable, and protests that the record of my life, which she expects will be read in future ages by our admiring descendants, will be tame and incomplete without a history of our sojourn in Miffdom.

When I came home, in May last, from our Conference at Ashfield, and told Mary that our field of labor for the coming year was to be in Miffdom, I saw that it was not pleasant news to her. Her cheek paled and her lips trembled suspiciously. But she is a whole-hearted believer in the itinerancy, and has never yet murmured at an appointment. "It will be a fine thing for Hetty," was her first remark. She will have the advantages of the high school there. I think

she will feel more interested in her studies if she has companions to recite with her."

"Yes," I said, "it will be a fine thing for Hetty. There is no parsonage, Mary. The preacher lives in the same house with one of the brethren. A very fine man, brother Grant says."

I saw Mary winced a little, for she is decidedly of the opinion that there never was a house too large for one family, or too completely isolated for a preacher's family. She was silent a little while, and then inquired how large a family were to live with us."

"Only brother Dean and his wife. Their part is quite separate from ours, and we shall be nearly as independent as if living alone. Sister Dean is rather odd, I hear, but good-tempered and obliging, and not at all disposed to be meddlesome."

"I shall not mind her oddities if that be true. She has a right to be odd, I suppose. I hope Hetty will not annoy her. The child is always singing and making a noise."

"Brother Grant says she likes children, so we need not fear any trouble on that account. She will put up with any thing but hens."

"Hens?" said Mary, in some astonishment.

"Yes. Several years ago a preacher who lived there had a present of two enormous Shanghai fowls and half a dozen bantams. To keep them comfortably through the Winter he made an opening to admit them into the cellar, and the roost happening to be nearly under the good lady's bedroom, she was awakened every morning, long before day, by a tremendous cock-a-doodle-dooing that fairly shook the bedstead. Then the bantams were so tame that they were always getting under her feet, or being shut into the doors. So, when the preacher moved, she resolved that the nuisance once abated should never be renewed. Since then ministerial poultry in Miffdom has been *tabooed*."

"Well," said Mary, laughing cheerfully, "we will sell the hens. And Hetty must give away her rabbits. Is the house convenient?"

"Yes. And well furnished. There will be no trouble about our support. Brother Grant says it is paid promptly every quarter in advance. The village is a fine, thrifty-looking place, and is really a charming locality. The outside look of the station is inviting. But every body knows there is a 'skeleton' there," I added, sighing deeply, as a probable vision of fruitless labors and profitless efforts rose before me.

"Never mind the skeleton," said Mary, cheerfully. "We will manage that somehow. If we can not do so we will enjoy ourselves independently of it. And I really think, Ernest, after such a succession of pleasant appointments as we

have been favored with we ought to be ashamed if we can't rough it for once."

Still, in spite of good resolutions, we found it hard to sever our connection with the dear friends at Lanswood. It was a sore trial to us to leave the snug, cozy parsonage, where we had both sorrowed and rejoiced, the furniture whose convenience we had tested, and the shrubbery just coming into leaf, which our own hands had planted. It is on such occasions that the itinerant preacher most sensibly realizes that he has no permanent home, no earthly abiding-place.

I was well acquainted with my successor. I knew him to be a man of sterling worth, a good preacher, and excellent pastor. I had consequently no misgivings in resigning my loved charge into his hands. It was a pleasant labor, during those last sad days, to secure for him a cordial welcome to the hearts and homes of those so soon to be under his care. I almost forgot my own gloomy prospects while trying to open an effectual door for him. He was to leave one of the most discouraging stations in the Conference, and he needed warm sympathy and generous appreciation to restore his old confidence in humanity. I, alas! was to occupy his vacant place.

The chief men of the Miffdom charge had sent a delegation of members to attend the Conference, and secure, if possible, my appointment to that place. They had heard of my success, and the great revival at Lanswood, and they thought they needed a similar work of grace. I suppose there never was a revival which was more evidently the work of the Almighty, or so little aided by human instrumentality as the one in question. But it was impossible to dispossess those brethren of the idea that some hidden influence of mine was the mainspring of the whole work. They must have me for their minister or no one. It may be that the Lord overruled in my being stationed there. I like to feel that he has an influence in the cabinet; but in giving them their desire I think he sent leanness into their heart.

August 8th.—I have been helping Mary do the week's washing. It is just the work for Monday, when the mind is indisposed for effort. One can pound clothes in a barrel without much mental exercise; but the clothes are all on the line, snapping and twisting in the wind, as if haunted by uneasy spirits. Mary is resting on the lounge, deep in the pages of the Repository—by the way, what a splendid magazine Dr. Clark gets up!—Hetty is at school, and the whole house has such a listless air that I sit down to my desk and open my journal in self-

defense. To keep awake I must describe our "skeleton."

Miffdom is not the real name of my present parish, but a *soubriquet* it has acquired, by the endless petty dissensions, or miffs, among the people. It is not the Church alone who are given to trivial disagreements; the whole population have either been inoculated with the spunky virus or have it the natural way. Who has not seen the little barking terrier come tearing down the door-yard with a ten-mouse power to yelp at the passing traveler? I think I shall never see one of the species again without being reminded of Miffdom.

Very insignificant appeared these quarrels when taken in detail. I do not now recall one of those which have been forced upon my notice, which was calculated to excite any other feeling save contempt for its puerile childishness. Yet, as a whole, they become a mountain of difficulty, looming to the skies and effectually hindering all Christian effort.

When the war commenced every one acquainted with the pugnacious Miffdomites rejoiced that, by enlisting in the service, the men would find a natural vent for their grit in belaboring secession; but instead of being grateful for the prospect of good, honest, legitimate fighting, the whole people staid at home, and found fault with every thing done by the army or the Government. It was plain that domestic warfare was their forte.

My predecessor had spent his twelve months here in the vain attempt to piece together the numberless odds and ends of variance into one stout band of love and fellowship, and though he had not joined a single thread, he had succeeded beautifully in raising a mighty hue and cry against himself. Every body accused him of partiality toward every body else. Forewarned by his experience, I determined from the first to have nothing to do with any particular party in the Church. There were one hundred and eleven members and one hundred and eleven parties. No, I would get up a party of my own, and preach the Gospel as well as I could to all the other parties.

September 6th.—So far I have kept out of hot water. At least, I am not scalded. But a report is gaining ground that the new minister is a "shirk."

"He do n't do his duty," says one.

"He should be a peace-maker," says another.

"And a cross-bearer," adds a third.

"We are entirely disappointed in him," respond the lay delegation, who were the fortunate instruments of securing him for their pastor. "I wonder," they whisper to each other, "if we

should not fare quite as well if we did not interfere with the appointments?"

I was working in the garden after breakfast when I heard the door-bell ring, and directly after Mary came to call me. "There is a man with a miff in the parlor, Ernest."

"How do you know?"

"O, he looks it. It is brother Luton. Now do be careful what you say to him. He looks really savage. Be sure to say nothing you will regret hereafter."

"Don't be alarmed, I will remember."

"I hardly feel like trusting you. You can not be too cautious, and these petty quarrels are so aggravating. I wonder they are n't ashamed to detail them."

"I shall find some way to curtail them," I answered. "I have too much important work on my hands to find time to hear their stories."

After this speech I saw that Mary felt less confident of my good behavior, and I was not surprised when she brought her work-box into the parlor and sat down near me.

She was right, brother Luton had a miff. He came to complain of one of the other Church members.

"Every member of the Church is dissatisfied," he said, "because you have made him a class-leader. Why, he do n't know enough to take care of his own soul, to say nothing about the absurdity of his watching over others."

"He is a very good leader, I think, and his class are pleased with him."

"You may think so, but I have been round among the brethren this week, and a good many are of my opinion. Several of the sisters hinted their astonishment at his being leader instead of myself, but I told them I never strained after office."

"If you had desired this one you could not have been accommodated, for I understand that you neglect both the class meeting and the Lord's Supper."

"Well, sir, it is this very man who keeps me away. If it were not for Tom Blair you would have no reason to complain of me. But I can't stand his hypocrisy. He's got to be stopped somehow, or I shall give up going to meeting on Sundays, and I shall take my children out of the Sunday school too."

"And lose your soul at last, and ruin your little ones, rather than give up your animosity to brother Blair. That will be the finale unless you are careful."

"Can't help that. He'll have it to answer for, not I. I suppose you know that I shan't feel bound to pay my subscription for preaching if I stay at home."

I smiled at his threatened looks, but asked quietly how much he paid.

"Well, I subscribe four dollars."

"You have put down that sum for a number of years, I believe."

"How do you know?"

"O, I have been examining the financial records of the Church, just to find out how you are accustomed to manage. I saw that you had usually subscribed four dollars, and *never* paid it."

He started and colored. "Well, that has nothing to do with your doing your duty by us, I suppose."

"No, I shall not be influenced by it. It does not affect me so much as it does the brethren who pay your part of the salary. Perhaps I should feel more interest in the grievances of a perfectly-honest man, but my feelings will not be permitted to control my actions. May I ask what it is that you require of me?"

"I want you to stop Tom Blair's praying and speaking in meeting. He is n't fit to speak any where, but it is a disgrace to the cause for him to open his mouth in public. If you knew him half as well as I do you'd hush him up mighty quick."

"What has he done?"

"What a question! As if there was any thing mean on earth that he had n't done!"

"If he has gone so far astray you surely must be able to specify some fault. What do *you* know that he has done?"

"I know he's slandered me, and he's a liar," he answered so fiercely that Mary involuntarily started from her seat. "He denies ever trying to hurt me, and laughed in my face when I repeated his lies; but he's a poor, half-witted wretch, and do n't know enough to be accountable."

"Why, then, do you trouble yourself about one so greatly your inferior? I presume he never has desired to injure you."

"I know better. Kiah Loring told Miss Johnson, and she told old Mr. Chester, down to the poor-house. Milly Tozer is one of the paupers, and she came right over and told my wife. It was three years ago last Saturday. I remember it, because I was out in the garden by the hogsty, husking some green corn for succotash, and my wife came running out to tell me, and in her hurry ran right across a bed of tomatoes. They were a new kind, and I was ripening them for the fair. She caught her foot in the vines and tore up the roots and trampled down the largest and finest ones in the whole lot. It made me so mad to see them all ruined that I threw the corn at her, and it went over her head into the hog-pen, and I would not pick any more or let

her, so we went without any dinner. That is how I came to remember all about it so well."

Not particularly enlightened by this long harangue as to the sins of brother Blair, I remarked, "You forget, brother Luton, that you have not told what he said about you."

"Why, he said that he passed by my house one night about dusk, and me and my wife was quarreling enough to raise the neighbors. Now, I can prove that we never disagreed in our lives."

I stole an amused look at Mary, over whose demure face the repressed smiles were dimpling out in all directions.

"No, sir!" he went on, "I do n't believe in quarreling with a woman. I always said that when a couple could not live together peaceably it's time to quit. Nobody can say that me and my wife ever had a word of difference."

"Not even when you threw the corn at her head?" I suggested.

Mary touched my foot with hers warningly, but it was too late. The mischief was done and brother Luton hopelessly offended.

"I was a fool to come here for justice," he said, angrily. "I might have known you would have been on Blair's side. He knows how to buy people. I met his boy as I came in at your gate, with a great empty basket. I saw then what he had been up to. Well, go ahead, and see where you come out. But you do n't catch me to meeting again while you are here, and you won't stay the second year, I promise you."

"Amen!" was my involuntary response.

After he was gone, and we sat talking the matter over, uncertain whether to laugh over his assured domestic harmony, or to grieve over his inconsistency as a Christian, I felt more than ever confirmed in the wisdom of my resolve to have nothing to do with the miffs of Miffdom, unless they were introduced in such a form as to demand a Church trial.

THE ESPIRITU SANTO.

BY MRS. E. C. HOWARTH.

This beautiful flower is to be found on one particular part of the Isthmus, a short distance from Panama. It requires little earth for vegetation, growing among heaps of stones. It appears to be a description of lily, with a curious-shaped vase, on opening the lid of which the most perfect and beautiful face simile of a dove is found within. The white wings are half-spread, as if about to take its farewell of earth and soar to some brighter region. The natives call it the *espiritu santo*, or "Holy Spirit."—*Panama Star*.

We find it not 'mid native flowers,
It is no blossom we have known,
But far away from garden bowers,
It grows in crevices of stone;

A stranger of the floral kind,
With fair bell drooping from the light,
In whose pure bosom we may find—
Like gem in casket softly shrined—
A tiny dove with pinions white,
Half spread as if for heavenward flight—
Espiritu santo.

So once a dove, with pinions spread,
Went from the ark o'er waters wide;
So once it crowned the Savior's head,
By the baptismal Jordan's side.
Of this the gentle teacher thought—
Who turned away from wealth and fame,
And to this lonely region brought
The saving faith that Savior taught—
From him this lowly blossom came
To bear the sweet appropriate name,
Espiritu santo.

And from our paths as far apart
As desert region, drear and lone,
In many a meek and humble heart
The Holy Spirit dwells unknown;
The drooping head, the lowly air,
Hides the rich treasure from our sight.
Unknown the work, unheard the prayer,
That evermore lives sweetly there,
And there as if prepared for flight,
Dwells the fair dove, with pinions white—
Espiritu santo.

"O, COULD I WOO THE STARS OF EVEN."

BY MARY E. NEALT.

O, COULD I woo the stars of even
To shed their light upon my soul—
To weave the harp-notes, fresh from heaven,
Around me, with their sweet control—
To pour the very soul of beauty,
Like sunshine on a shimmering sea,
Around my heart till sternest beauty
Were dressed in diamond-gleams to me—
'T were naught unshared by thee.

If all the glittering gems, dark hidden
In earth's unknown, uncounted caves—
If all the oceans' wealth, unbidden,
Would open to me their gleaming waves—
If all the freighted ships now sailing
Would pour their coffers out to me,
I still would roam, my lot bewailing,
Alone, alone beside the sea,
Were I afar from thee.

Or, could I hear the tramp of glory,
Pealing round the earth my fame,
Till every home should know my story,
And every hearth should hear my name—
If down the aisles of time my singing
Should pour a flood-tide, full and free,
What should I care for its sweet ringing,
Flowing in music to the sea,
If it sang not to thee?

BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. D. F. TEFFT, D. D.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

IT is the substance of an old classic maxim which Cicero in his boyhood may have rendered into Latin from the Greek of Plato, that in every thing done and said "something must be left to the imagination." Plato probably borrowed it from some old Egyptian author, whose pages were the delight of the thoughtful inhabitants of Thebes or Memphis; and that author in his turn may have derived it by tradition from the earliest philosopher of the human family. If it came from the brain of Adam himself, who seems to have been a person of profound as well as subtle intuition, the adage would be worthy of its origin, for nothing is clearer than the fact that all great masters, whether of the tongue, pen, or pencil, have always avoided minute details, and rested their fame on graphic generalities.

The Dutch painters, I know, used so to insist on following fact rather than emulating nature that they not only copied the warts on their patrons' faces, but would take the figure of a fly that might happen to have sat down to rest for a moment on the nose or forehead of a sitter. The Dutch learned this vice, however, not from the classics of any age or nation, but from their own indomitable patience.

I have heard men speak in public whose thoughts were sound, whose arrangement was natural, and whose diction and delivery could not fail to arrest attention, who, nevertheless, wearied their auditors by pursuing the analysis of every idea to its lowest elements, leaving nothing to awaken or to keep alive the fancy.

Writers are very apt to run into this vicious habit. They take a topic in hand and think they will be accused of ignorance if they do not exhaust it. This is especially the case with travelers, who, when they write home, seem to consider their readers utterly unacquainted with the subjects brought before them, and as receiving from their pens the rudiments of foreign lore. There was Boswell, who accompanied the great Samuel Johnson on his tour to the islands on the north of Scotland, whose description of the trip reads very much like a trader's memoranda, or an account current. He tells his readers just when they started, and where they stopped, and how long they tarried, and whom they saw, and every word that was said for every day from the hour of their leaving London till they returned. He tells what they had to eat at every meal, what they had to drink at every

stopping-place, what company they had on every evening, and what sort of a night-cap the old lexicographer put on each night when he went to bed.

And Boswell has had many imitators. We nowadays read books of travel and the letters of traveling correspondents who give us the numbers of all the streets they enter, the heights of all the steeples they look at, and the exact measurement of every object till the mind wearies with the dull monotony of particulars. Do they suppose their readers are ignorant of the sources of all this minute information? Or do they conceive themselves making the impression that they have become in a few weeks royal arch scholars in all the secret learning of all the countries they have entered? Would it not be better for all of us who undertake to lend our eyes and ears to those who stay at home, to remember the time-honored maxim that in all we take in hand "*something must be left to the imagination?*"

II.

This, then, is going abroad! When I came down into this state-room the sky was as black as Erebus; there was a vast atmosphere of fog pressing down upon the water, and the water itself, by daylight so beautiful, and sometimes at night so phosphorescent, was tumbling about in the blackness of midnight darkness. There were stars overhead, but no eye could see them; there was a moon, with her horns nearly full; but its light was all lost in the dense vapor; there was somewhere a sun burning in noontide brilliance, but a hemisphere of water, land, and fog had cut off its beaming splendors from my field of vision.

When a boy I was accustomed to read Virgil's description of that black night of storm on the Mediterranean, and used to experience thrills of poetic pleasure in making up to my fancy the picture of that scene—

"*Ponto nox incubat atra!*"

This *atra nox* became a motto in my mind for palpable darkness of every sort, and I took heart-felt enjoyment in repeating a phrase so full of poetic meaning. But Virgil's night, be it remembered, happened in broad daylight.

"*Eripiunt subito nubes cœlumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis.*"

It was the *clouds* driven up by the winds, let loose by the spear of Æolus, that snatched the blue heavens and the sweet beams of the sun from the eyes of the wave-tossed Trojans.

The night now fallen upon me, however, is

no night in open day-time. It is a night *in* the night *at* midnight, wrapped up in the mantle of impenetrable vapor, and overspread with a covering of cloud as black and thick as the underlying darkness. There is a wind, also, abroad upon the water. The ship rises and falls, rolls and reels, now lifting me up so high as to make me shudder with the fear of my not getting safely back again, then letting me down so low and so slowly and yet so indefinitely down that it seems as if the toppling hill-sides of water on either hand must fall together above the vessel, and so send us to the bottom of the ocean. This teetering upon a plank of water a mile or two in length, with the ship on one end of it and the sea upon the other, and balanced across an unknown and yielding fulcrum, now going up till you can almost touch the sky, and then receding till you fear you shall strike the bottom, is no child's play, I am more than certain.

Then, as I lie here thinking, I can not help but see the spectacle I make to superior beings, or to a person of a high and comprehensive understanding. Here, in the midst of this starry universe, is a planet of some land and a great deal of water. The water on which this little vessel lies is more than two thousand miles from land to land. It is more than a thousand miles from here to the nearest point where I might set a foot and find any thing stable enough to keep me from sinking into instant death. This wooden craft, only pinned together out of a great many pieces of plank and timber, would fall apart and tumble into ruin at the first impact against any of those *saxa latentia*, or other hidden evils of which the sea is full. An iceberg may be this moment floating directly in our path. Another ship, whose lights may be quenched in the fog, may roll and toss not more than fifty yards before our bowsprit. In five minutes from this instant the two vessels may collide and both may go down together, with all of us on board, to lie on the ocean's bottom, or either may catch upon the projecting crag of some water-covered mountain, and then dangle there forever. I feel the vessel shaking at every pulsation of the mighty engine from which it receives its forward motion. Who can tell me that a flue will not collapse, that the walking-beam will not snap asunder, that a boiler will not explode, throwing the waking and sleeping passengers far out upon the deep, and setting the ship itself on fire, to burn here a costly funeral-torch at our sudden and far-off burial? What wife, what child can ever find the spot or place over it a mark to tell where the lost went

down? The story of our fate must be a secret to all the living till the dead shall be called from sea and land by the brazen peals of the last great trumpeter.

Perhaps, however, the finger of the Almighty amid all this darkness is guiding us safely to the wished-for shore. It may be that he has sent this wind, this fog, this blackness of darkness upon the raging sea, and the consciousness of all this danger, to remind us of his watchful eye, of his ever-ready hand, of his paternal care and love. When David walked upon his housetop and surveyed the vault of heaven, his faith in a superintending providence was almost overwhelmed by his conception of the grandeur of the universe. As I lie here within this vessel, itself but a speck upon a boundless ocean, and I but as nothing thus afloat upon it, with my thought reaching backward to my home and country, and forward to the land of my destination, and then sweeping like a radius vector the whole circle of creation, ranging through all time and reaching outward into the realms beyond, I feel myself allied to immortality, and can say to myself that if here I sink to be seen no more on earth my better part will not rest beneath this load of superincumbent water. The water shall divide to let me forth; I shall rise to this upper air again; I shall mount above this gloom of night, and fog, and cloud; I shall soar up and away to where I shall behold the sun again; the stars, which sparkle in every part of space, I shall live to set my feet upon; and far away from this world of cloud, and storm, and darkness there is a beautiful land of everlasting green and bloom, where the rivers softly flow, where the groves ever drop with fruit, where the light of a new heaven falls upon a new earth of unfailing and never-failing joy to which I shall wing my flight, borne upward and onward by the spirituality of my nature and by my faith in the goodness of the almighty and everlasting God.

III.

Ho! here is land again! Yonder green strip of soil which just now rises above the blue water must be the land of Erin. How softly the sunlight falls upon it! It seems to be afloat and coming toward us. Ay, these approaching shores, though suggestive of a strange commixture of want and plenty, of degradation and nobility, of almost pagan darkness and the warmest rays of a spiritual religion, are more than welcome. This sailing upon the great Atlantic, this "life on the ocean wave," will do to talk and sing about, but I have learned more than ever to set my affections on

terra firma. The poets have vied with each other to gild the dangers and discomforts of the sea. This is particularly the work of our modern and misanthropic poets. The older ones, particularly the Greek and Latin, approached nearer to the truth of fact and nature. Homer's sea-scenes are very true and graphic, and no scholar, I should think, could cross the ocean without going off with a higher admiration of that great bard's fidelity of description. Virgil, too, as has been seen, tells us the horrors of a voyage.

With our modern bards, on the other hand, the sailor is always the pet of happiness and fortune. Have I a reader that does not remember how Byron celebrates the sailor and the sea in his *Childe Harold*? He was leaving a hated country, it is true, though the land that gave him birth, and could not breathe freely till he found himself out of sight of England. But he always wrote of the sea in the same fashion. Now that the dreary task is over, it is well enough, seeing that the passage is to be made back again, to go to land with as cheerful a recollection of it as possible. So, as the white cliffs of old England are now just peeping over the waves, let us turn to Byron's *Corsair*, and listen to the most brilliant setting-forth of sea-life to be found within the compass of our language.

The *Corsair* himself is supposed to utter it as he leaves port and rides out upon a new and uncertain voyage:

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the scepter all we meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
O, who can tell—not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Nor thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure can not please—
O, who can tell, save him whose heart hath tried
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's madd'ning play—
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way!"

But having read the passage, and that in my best possible pitch of reading, I can not remove from my recollection several disagreeable elements of this life at sea. Indeed, Byron to the contrary notwithstanding, I must say that I have never talked with a sailor, not even with a master seaman, who would not confess that he preferred land to water. Many a time, I have no doubt, has the experience of every sailor justified the language of Campbell, whose

views of life were more reliable than those of the misanthropic bard:

"Poor child of danger, nursing of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds the shattered bark delay,
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away."

Yes, the home that every sailor looks to as the end of all his toils and the reward of all his sufferings and labors is not to be found at sea, but on that firm and steady isle or continent where his little cottage stands, and where, every time he dreams, he sees his cheerful wife and his children all at play. So Southey represents it, and my reader would pronounce this poet true to nature and to fact alike could he stand where I now stand and listen to what now greets my ears:

"Hark to the sailors' shouts! the rocks rebound,
Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound;
Long have they voyaged o'er the distant seas;
And the heart delight which they feel at last,
So many toils, so many dangers past,
To view the port desired, he only knows
Who, on the stormy deep, for many a day
Hath tossed, aweary of his ocean way,
And watched all anxious every wind that blows."

IV.

But here is London. You wish me to tell you, reader, how its magnitude impresses me. You desire me to compare it with New York, or Boston, or Cincinnati, or some other city which you have seen. I can tell you in figures precisely how large an area this great city covers, and exactly how many people dwell within it. But this would give you no appreciable idea of its size. I will imagine you living in a village of the size of Canandaigua or Geneva, those twin sisters of the loveliest portion of the Empire State. Think, now, that your village, that is, the bigness of it, might be burnt out of Boston in the night, and there would be thousands of Bostonians who, unless informed by the bells or told by some one, would not miss the lost buildings or the business centering in them till chance should cause them to ride over to the burnt district. In the same way Boston might be burnt out of New York, and New York out of London, with the same result. Think of this comparison of sizes for about five minutes, and talk it over with some one near you, and the real magnitude of the world's great metropolis will at last break upon your comprehension.

You may then get into one of these cabs and ride at their full speed for hours in one direction; you may then turn at a right angle and ride again for hours; and so you may continue turning and riding for two days together, and

at the end of two days you will not more than get back to the place of starting.

There is another method of getting an idea of the size of this imperial city. Think of some township nine by sixteen miles to a side somewhere in the center of New York State, and then think of crowding the State's entire population into the space mentioned, and you will have a figure by which to judge of London!

But it is difficult for a traveler to distinguish precisely between what is and what is not London, so gradually does the mass of solid streets thin out and melt away into the densely-populated but more open country. If you include the whole population lying contiguous to the Thames on each side of it, who, on any great occasion, can assemble at any given point without inconvenience, or who might regard themselves as citizens for all practical purposes, you will embrace an area of at least nine by fifteen or sixteen miles, and a population as large as that of all New England!

If the reader will now fancy himself going up the Thames from the sea, as he enters the city he will find that he has sailed or steamed about fifty-eight miles from the river's mouth, and he will see the metropolis of the British empire spread out on both sides of the river farther than his eye can reach, even if he takes the masthead of the largest ship for his point of observation. When thus going up the river he discovers that the right-hand or northern shore rises gradually for a considerable distance and then rolls off beyond his field of vision, all of which area is densely covered with streets and massive blocks of buildings. On the left-hand or southern shore the landscape is low and flat, but this, too, is densely populated, the working classes occupying the left-hand or Surrey side, the trading and wealthier people having taken possession of the right-hand or Middlesex side of the dividing river. But there is another division, on an artificial line, of the population of this great city. It is an imaginary line running across the right-hand portion, and at right angles to the river, cutting this half of the metropolis into two unequal sections, the eastern one containing the business, while the western embraces the royal dwellings and the palaces of the nobility. Of these three sections it will be convenient to remember, therefore, that the so-called East End is that part of London which contains the great docks, and warehouses, and shipping, and every thing connected with the system of naval traffic. The West End, on the contrary, is the part occupied by those connected with the Government of the kingdom, and contains not only the palaces of

the queen and nobles, but the Parliament buildings, the courts of law, and the Government offices in general. The southern side of the city is known as Southwark, or the Borough, and this is the section of the great factories, forges, glass-works, breweries, and all similar industrial operations, from whose towering chimneys rise those shafts of smoke which, meeting and uniting above, generate that huge cloud which eternally hangs over this vast emporium.

An American going into London is struck by the numerous old buildings which, blackened by the smoke of ages, give him an immediate impression of its great antiquity, and he then calls up the fact that its antiquity is so great as to leave its origin beyond the scrutiny of history. There is not even a legend left of the date of its foundation. The first the world knew of it beyond its immediate vicinity it was invaded by Julius Cæsar about half a century before the birth of Christ, and in the year of our Lord sixty-one, the city is mentioned by Tacitus as a place of great commercial consequence. This ancient town was surrounded by a wall, pierced by four principal gates, whence started as many great highways toward the four quarters of the kingdom. The Romans called the place Augusta, but after their departure it was captured first by the Saxons, then by the Danes, who restored to it the old name of London. It is interesting to set one's foot on the spot of earth where once stood Cæsar and his victorious legions; and I can but remind myself, also, that I am on my way to represent the business of a country, unknown till about one century ago, to the metropolis of that northern hive whose swarms not only expelled the Romans from the soil I stand on, but overran and broke to pieces the empire founded by the Cæsars!

The situation of this great emporium, at an average distance of about sixty miles from the sea, is a proof of its high antiquity and of the progress of mankind. When this city was founded the nations of the earth considered themselves as natural enemies; they existed only to make war and commit depredations on one another; every one of them which bordered on the ocean or on any sea practiced piracy on the neighboring nations, and for this reason their great cities had to be built as far as might well be from the open water. In obedience to this general principle Jerusalem was located on Mount Moriah and not at Joppa; Athens several miles inland and not at the Piræus; Rome far up the Tibur and not at Ostia; Paris away up the Seine and not at Calais; and every other national capital of olden times, from Memphis

and Babylon to Smyrna and Pekin, to secure the archives and offices of government from external injury, shrank far away from the exposed shores of seas and oceans. Under the softening influence of Christianity, however, the great marts of trade are fearlessly rising up as near to salt water as places can be found to set them; and the capitals would move down to the water's edge in company with commerce had not time and wealth fastened them to their present localities. But steam and electricity have abolished most of the difficulties arising from the interior situation of these cities; there is still some reason for keeping these seats of government where the governments themselves can be easily defended; and so London, like the rest, will continue to stand where it is for another period of seventy or eighty generations.

V.

The shores of Norway in November! Where is there a school-girl that has not read the warning in her little geography against approaching this fearful coast in Winter? And November is Winter in this latitude. The winds of the north-west are scouring the German Ocean. The ships to be seen are scudding under naked poles. Russia makes no duck that would not be rent to strings by the gusts now sweeping over land and water. Thus far, however, we ride safely over the raging billows. Reader, did you ever ride on the ocean in a little steamer, or on any other craft, when you could not stand on deck without running the hazard of being lifted from your feet and blown like a leaf or a chip into the foaming water? Think, then, of the currents and counter currents, of the war between currents and tides, and all of them mixed and tumbled together by a wind which piles up the water in successive billows, and these billows rolling after one another in such mighty volume as to justify the apparent extravagance of the German poet—

"As if one ocean were giving birth to another!"

The maelstrom, which has sucked so many ships and seamen into its devouring maw—where is it? Nay, where is it not? How shall we avoid it? Who knows that in thirty minutes more our faithful little steamer shall not be struggling with the fearful eddies, or pitching headlong into that awful gulf from which no adventurer has ever returned to relate the secrets of that chasm of the ocean? But it is a bad wind indeed that brings no one good. This nor'wester, which drifts us at least four knots per hour, is setting us away from the maelstrom, and actually helping us forward to-

ward the ancient city of Copenhagen on our way to Stockholm.

VI.

This, then, is the far-famed Baltic, and the great city lying out there upon that cluster of islands at the head of that little bay is the capital of the united kingdom of Norway and Sweden. There lives King Charles, the descendant of Bernadotte, the only heir of the first Napoleon whose inheritance has not been taken from him. There live the great lords of Sweden, whose palaces are beginning to show themselves above the ordinary elevation of the buildings. There stands the capitol, where congregate every second year the law-makers of the kingdom. There are the dwellings and stores of the great merchants, who deal in Norwegian and Swedish iron. There are the ships from all the world which bear the rich products of these northern mines to every civilized country of the globe.

Those ships and quays I expect to visit. Those streets I expect to walk over by day and night till they become familiar. Those towering palaces I may possibly look into and there learn the life of the noble men of Sweden. That great palace itself, so proud and lofty among its fellows—*primus inter pares*—where a crowned man makes his residence, I may one day enter and see how differently he spends his precious time from ordinary mortals. I shall call upon those great merchants at their houses. I shall make myself acquainted with the manners and customs of this royal city. I shall look into the schools and study the educational system of this metropolis. Those churches I shall be sure to visit and listen to the speech of the great preachers. The great savans, in whose presence I always feel more abashed than when standing before princes, I shall gratefully seek after, and sit occasionally where the aroma of their genius may cast its fragrance about me.

Bringing with me, as I do, a recollection of the noble countenance of Ericsson, I see there before me the spot where the designer of the Monitor first saw the light, and I must at once discover whether he has relatives yet here to receive the salutations I bear them from a grateful country. I shall find the spot where Frederika Bremer spends her Summers when she comes from her world-travels to look upon the place of her nativity, and become young again amid the scenes of her early childhood. I must fly to the humble home where was nursed the voice of that wonderful child of song, the one only Lind, whom nature doubly blessed in making her an angel in music and in heart a woman.

But this, too, is a place of noble graves. Here lie the ashes and here stands the votive monument of that great Linnæus, who classified the plants of earth, and taught mankind how to enjoy, intellectually as well as sensuously, the sweet-scented flora of the world. Here, too, is the grave of that remarkable seer who, while one of the first savans of his country and his age throughout the whole circle of the sciences, deemed it no departure from the dignity of his position to lay aside the instruments of human knowledge for that celestial calling whose office it is to elevate the thoughts of the human family from the things that perish to those realities of that higher life whose bloom and beauty never fade away. Ay, here is the resting-place of Emanuel Swedenborg, who, mistaken as I may consider him in the results and method of his investigations, must ever be regarded with a tender respect by the wise and virtuous of all coming ages.

But this beautiful city is the capital and center of a race whose history carries us back to the beginnings of the European nations, and whose traditions and legendary lore, more ancient than any now extant in Europe, are as rich in brilliancy and beauty as the boreal splendors that flash in Winter over these northern skies. This is old Scandinavia, whence came the Cimbri, who made themselves so formidable to the Romans a century and more before the beginning of the Christian era. This is that Scandinavia from which issued those successive swarms which in after years overspread France, England, and Italy, and which ultimately took possession of the Roman Empire. This is the region whence Germany received the rudiments of her earliest poesy and the substance of her oldest poems, the fables of the Scandinavian Damisaga containing the same inventions and sentiments as were afterward woven into the German Nibelungen, that golden web from which have been cut nearly every thing of poetic value since wrought up by the genius of the Teutonic nations. Here is the fountain-head of that wonderful mythology made up of the images created by the flashes of the auroral lights of the pole on a world of snow and ice, which dazzles the imagination with its beauty. From here came the Eddas, in poetry and in prose, which, though uninspired, give us the origin of the heavens and the earth, the creation of mankind, and the early history of the race, with the spirit and originality of the old Hebrew prophets. Here are yet the old Runic monuments, and here the collections of the old Scandic laws, which connect this remarkable people with the Phenicians, Latins, and per-

haps Assyrians in those remote ages when the writers of our Bible were yet unborn.

Here, then, we are to set our feet. Our steamer is just gliding into its slip, and the writer, and reader too, if he will conceive it to be so, will step on shore and become the temporary inhabitants and students of a country so full of great history, so honored by great characters, so resplendent with great productions in prose and verse, so exhaustless of stories, fables, and all manner of legendary lore, and such a connecting link to all the great nations and the wonderful eras and civilizations of the morning period in the annals of mankind. These are to be the topics of our study and investigation. These things are to form the staple of our conversation and writing. Once a month, while we remain in this northern land, we will spend a night together and hold high converse upon these interesting themes. We are in a land whose northern extremity stretches so far toward the pole that for days and nights together no sun rises to shed its beams of beauty on the world. But these boreal splendors scarcely ever cease to flit and stream along the northern heavens. Our long nights, then, shall not be dull. When the sun is gone we will take to these dancing lights of our Winter evenings. We will weave them into our meditations; we will take our inspiration from their flashing beams, and, without wearying ourselves with good-for-nothing details, but leaving many things to the imagination of those who may listen to us, we will share with all our friends the knowledge and happiness we derive from our residence under these brilliant skies. And so our first Boreal Night is ended.

SABBATH MORNING.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

O'er eastern hills the dusky night
Steals out and leaves the rosy light;
Pure as a soul unstained by sin
The Sabbath morn comes softly in.

O, day of blessings, calm and sweet,
We hail with joy thy coming feet;
Six days the paths of toil we've trod—
To-day we share the rest of God.

Amid the battle's heat and din
A space for freer breath we win,
And, grateful for the sweet release,
Our souls put on their robes of peace.

From suppliant hearts the voice of prayer
Steals upward through the balmy air;
Still as the light, O grace divine!
O'er all our darkened spirits shine.

THE OLD RED WAREHOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

SHE might have been seen—this lady of whom I write—walking up and down the long piazza, which ran from end to end of the wide, pleasant old homestead. She had on a simple white dress, that seemed somehow in singular harmony with the evening, and the soft, dark, brown hair parted over the fair, low forehead shielded the delicate oval features.

It was one of those nights that my pen shrinks from approaching, because any words of mine which will freight it must seem so faint and blurred a picture of that wondrous beauty of Autumnal moonlight, whose shining vestments folded the earth, and overflowed the trees, and seemed to sanctify whatever it touched, till the earth was holy.

The lady in the white dress, walking up and down the veranda, with the dark masses of shrubbery and the large, old fruit-trees about her, did not suspect what picturesqueness and completeness she added to the scene.

Her thoughts went beyond herself; her eyes sought out and recognized and rejoiced in the beauty of the night, and then her soul went beyond the beauty to the Creator on a new tide of gladness and gratitude, as she looked up to that moon, hanging like a white, full-blossomed lily amid the innumerable buds of stars which scattered, burned, and palpitated, and seemed ready to break into blossoms on the dead azure soil of the sky.

"Well, Alice, this is just like you—I declare it is—stealing away from us all and taking the beauty all to yourself. If it were any thing more tangible than moonlight we should all be jealous of it."

The voice which broke the silence was a man's, loud, hearty, pleasant, and not lacking in force or cultivation; but somehow it seemed, to a fine spirit, to make a slight discordance with the language of that night.

The lady smiled and paused before the door where the gentleman stood.

"I did n't suspect," and her soft, clear voice was a pleasant thing to hear, "that I was really of consequence enough to be missed by any of you for so little a while; and then I owed some loving acknowledgment and reverence to a night like this!" and she made a slight rapid gesture, which embraced all—the sky and the earth beneath.

"Ah, Alice," said the gentleman, and partly won by the beauty of the evening, but more by the presence of his sweet sister-in-law, he

came out on the veranda, offered her his arm, and joined her in the walk, "you breathe a finer atmosphere than we souls of coarser mold do, and the days and the nights have messages and visions for you that we neither hear nor understand."

"Are you making fun of me, John?" and the lady looked up in his face, with her deep, earnest, azure eyes, just as a puzzled little child might.

"Not a bit of it, sister Alice. I was only speaking what has been in my thoughts for the last ten minutes, while I was surreptitiously watching you from the window, and thinking what a pretty, unconscious picture you made out here."

She smiled up archly now in his face, and this lady's smile in the moonlight was beautiful to see. "Have you really been watching me ten whole minutes?" she asked. "John, you have paid me many pretty compliments in your life, but that is the prettiest one."

The gentleman looked down on the slender, graceful figure at his side, and smiled, too. His strong, tall figure, with his dark hair and face, were in as keen contrast with hers as were the characters of this man and woman.

"I did n't tell you the whole of my thought while I watched your face, Alice. The rest of it was, how another individual we both wot of would have enjoyed the sight of it standing in my place."

A flush touched with crimson the soft cheek of the lady, and this time her smile had a certain consciousness in it.

Her lips were half opened to reply, when suddenly her attention and her companion's were attracted to a loud noise, and which resembled the sudden fall of some heavy body, and proceeded from a building close at hand.

This building was a tall, bare, red brick warehouse—its six stories pierced thick with windows, and piled with merchandise from almost every land of the earth; for the warehouse was a general receptacle for the vast bales and boxes of goods which vessels from every port disgorged on the wharf nearly half a mile distant.

"It 's a very singular—what did that noise mean?" the lady spoke first.

"It seems suspicious at this place and in this time of night," answered her brother-in-law. "I should n't be surprised if some rascal was up to mischief," with his eyes fastened on the red brick warehouse, with its rows of windows blinking back the moonlight, the one object that its silver-flowing waves could not soften or idealize, as it stood up in the midst of the beauty in all its ghastly barrenness.

And while they were gazing in the direction of the warehouse, they suddenly descried a figure come stealthily around its side and hasten toward the road. The gentleman suddenly dropped the arm of the lady and hurried to the end of the piazza and called out in a loud, peremptory voice,

"Stop, you rascal, what are you sneaking around other people's buildings at this time of night for?"

The figure thus accosted stopped a moment and confronted the speaker. The moonlight shone on his face—a face which was dark and lowering at the time—was that of a youth evidently about his seventeenth year.

"O, John!" exclaimed the lady as she approached her brother-in-law, "do n't speak to him in that rough tone! Perhaps he meant no harm."

"Appearances are against him, Alice, and women like you know nothing about dealing with rogues. It do n't do to handle them with gloves on."

And in this remark John Ogden had discovered his real character. He was a man widely respected and esteemed in the world—a man courteous, affable, hospitable to those with whom he was brought in daily social or business contact; a man whose character stood before all his fellow-men unquestioned and unblemished, regarded on all sides as a high-minded, generous, and honorable citizen, and he would have scorned to do what he regarded as a mean, dishonest act, and yet there was about this man, John Ogden, a hardness, a coarseness, which could well-nigh amount to cruelty.

He never really suspected this himself; his friends and family never did; he was courteous and generous to the one, an indulgent and tender husband and father to the latter; but his *inferiors*—the weak and those who were in his power—his tenants and his employés, only knew this hard, selfish side of the merchant.

The poor man whom sickness or a commercial crisis had thrown out of employment, would have found on quarter day a hard and unsympathizing landlord in John Ogden, the pleasant capitalist, the affable host; and the helpless widow and the orphan would have proved him a creditor who exacted the last dues.

He was pitiless to his inferiors, rough and unsympathetic toward those in his power; and no man who had fallen into temptation and not been delivered from evil, would have found any mercy in the heart of John Ogden; and yet, while I write this, I am perfectly conscious that his most intimate friends would be dumb with amazement and consternation were they to un-

derstand that these qualities were attributed to him, and at last deny their existence absolutely and indignantly.

And in the world this man will always maintain an honorable position—always be well-spoken of by men; but there are entries in the eternal Ledger that will one day read darkly against the name of John Ogden.

And, dear reader, how many just such men are there in the world! You must have found such, no matter how narrow is the range of your experience, or how limited the sphere of your observation.

The voice of the youth thus harshly addressed, answered the gentleman a good deal sullen, a little defiant.

"I was n't sneakin' round here either. I was asleep on them boards and they tumbled down with me."

"I do n't want any more of your stories, and if you do n't clear out at once, or if you show yourself skulking around any honest man's premises again, I'll have a policeman on your track in quick time."

They heard the youth mutter something insolent and defiant at this threat, but he moved up the road.

"O, John, how could you!" exclaimed Alice Stanton, with a great deal of pity and some indignation in her voice.

"How could I?"—repeated John Ogden, and then a voice from the house summoned him and he turned quickly, saying, "Excuse me a little while, Alice, or will you walk in with me?"

"No, thank you," answering the last part of the question first, "I have not done with the face and the language of this evening yet."

The lady resumed her walk, but her thoughts went out on another path—went after the poor, the weak, the ignorant, and the guilty. She pitied them. She remembered how God created and loved them; how Christ died for them; and she remembered that at the best we could know little of all they had to suffer and endure—know little of crushed hopes and occasional aspirations, and impulses which reached up higher after some good and truth, and then, after a brief struggle in some atmosphere of moral and mental defilement, with evil habits and associations with sharp poverty, and the enticements of the senses, which had never been controlled and made obedient to spiritual laws, sinking back at last into the old sloughs of degradation and sin.

And pacing slowly back and forth in the moonlight, Alice Stanton thought of these things, and her heart was stirred for pity.

A slight, stealthy noise suddenly arrested her.

She turned quickly in the direction of the old warehouse and saw the same figure creeping cautiously around the corner, which a half hour before her brother-in-law had so peremptorily ordered away.

The thick vines shielded her from view, and as the voices on the piazza had ceased, the figure evidently believed himself secure from observation.

In a moment it disappeared behind the building. The lady was naturally timid, but a new courage seemed to take possession of her now. She was confident that the youth was bent on some evil deed, and a hopeful and earnest desire to rescue him from its commission took possession of her.

She obeyed her first impulse, and gathering her shawl over her shoulders descended the steps lightly, and ran down the road to the old warehouse.

The youth had mounted the boards piled to the level of the first row of windows—the moonlight fell clear on him, revealing his dark, coarse, soiled garments and the slouched straw hat, when a hand—a soft, gentle one—was laid on his arm. The boy could not have sprung quicker if a bombshell had burst at his feet, and turning round they confronted each other, the lady in her white dress, with her fair and gracious mien and face, and the youth with his coarse, hard look, on which poverty and recklessness had written themselves. Yet it was a young face, as the solemn moonlight fell upon it, and one not yet hardened by long and desperate deeds of evil, and the look of fear which he had turned toward the lady changed into one of blank amazement as he beheld her.

Her hand—soft and light as a snow-flake—lay still on his arm, and her voice and her eyes were gentle for pity, as she asked, "What have you come here to do?"

The youth's eyes, which had been magnetized to her face, dropped now. She could see in the moonlight the dark flush which burned in his cheeks—he opened his mouth to speak, but the words got no further than his throat.

"It was for no good reason," said the soft, pitying voice of the lady; "I am certain of that; and so when I saw you stealing around the corner of the building I hurried over after you, to entreat you to pause and think before you did this wrong—to remember that, however you may escape all human eyes, you can not escape One—One that will hold you responsible, and to whom you must some time answer for your deed."

Something new and softer touched that young, half-hardened face. It looked up to the lady's

with wonder and doubt, which struggled with deeper feelings. At last the words burst out, "Yes, I did come here to do somethin' wrong to-night. I was hired to it."

"But you won't do it, my child! You will not carry the memory of this sin through all your life, a pain and a disgrace. For your own sake I beseech you to pause and think what a chance is offered you now to choose betwixt good and evil, and that this choice may probably color all your future. Take the right path, which will lead you to a useful manhood, instead of one that will end in misery and sin, in prison or on the gallows!"

The youth kept his eyes on that pleading face, and in his own many feelings struggled for mastery. At last he burst out, "What made you come here and talk to me like this?" and bright tears shone in his eyes.

"Because I was sorry for you. Because I wanted to do you good and to save you from committing this evil," answered the lady fervently, and in her eyes the tears sparkled too.

"Well, then, I'll promise you I sha' n't do it," answered the youth, and he spoke solemnly now.

"Thank God," said the lady.

"But I must go in there one moment—I've something to do now," and he glanced at the lower window of the old warehouse; "it is no harm—you may trust me."

And the lady did, and standing by the pile of timber, she saw the youth slip his hand through one of the broken panes of glass and touch the spring, and in a moment the window was opened, and the youth sprang into the building and disappeared.

He was gone only a short time, and when he reappeared he said, "I have fixed it now, only I can't answer any questions, for I'm bound tight."

"Alice! Alice!" at that moment she heard the voice of her brother-in-law calling her.

"I must go," she said quickly. "It would not be well for him to discover you here. Wait a few moments till we are gone into the house and then it will be safe for you to leave. Promise me now that you will not forget what I have said to you."

The youth seized her hand, and, looking up in her face with eyes in which the hot tears struggled, answered, "I promise you! O, lady, if you could have talked to me oftener I should not be what I am this night."

"I shall pray God to help you!" answered Alice Stanton, deeply moved. There was no time for more words, for John Ogden's voice came louder through the night.

"Why, Alice, I began to grow alarmed about

you. Where have you been?" asked the gentleman as she came up the steps.

"O, not very far, and in no danger, John, thank you. I believe I'm tired now: let's go in."

"It's high time for you to propose it. The dew is falling heavily," and he gave her his arm.

"It's very singular," exclaimed John Ogden, as he sat at dinner the next day with his wife and her sister.

"What is very singular?" asked Mrs. Ogden, a pretty, bright-faced little woman, a few years the senior of Alice.

The gentleman settled himself to his smoking plate of chicken pie. "Why, what Matthews was telling me this morning. You know he's one of the firm over there, and he says there is n't the slightest doubt that the warehouse yonder came pretty near being a heap of ashes this morning."

"O, dear!" shrieked pretty little Mrs. Ogden.

"One of the panes of glass in the lower window was broken—there were matches scattered on the lower floor as though some one had overturned them in haste, and one or two old emptied sacks were half burned up, and then the fire appears to have been suddenly and purposely extinguished—altogether it's a mystery. There's no doubt in my mind, Alice, but that fellow we saw sneaking around there last night was at the bottom of the affair; but what made him repent of his work, or how he managed to get back and extinguish the fire is a puzzler."

"And to think we might all have been burned up!" interposed Mrs. Ogden.

"Yes, we should have been in great danger, for what wind there was last night set this way, and the fire must have spread rapidly with such light material to work on, and there's no telling where our house would have been this morning."

"Thank God we were saved!" said Alice Stanton, but she kept her own counsel. This was not all for which she thanked God.

RECOMPENSE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

So your pretty rose is fading;
Let it go:
Do not keep it till the falling
Of the snow.

Seeing thus the blight upon it,
Do not try
Still to hold it from decaying—
Let it die.

Did you watch its fair unfolding
In the sun?

Well, to-day its leaves are dropping,
One by one.

Did you praise it in the freshness
Of the morn?

Now, alas! you dare not press it,
For its thorn.

Did you breathe with joy its fragrance,
At high noon?

After noon comes night, and beauty
Fadeth soon.

Nay, nay, do not waste upon it
Dew of tears;

You will still have other sorrows
In the years

That are coming. This sweet blossom
Is not all.

Be at peace, for soon another
Frost will fall.

Does it matter that you loved it
Any where

Is it written, "What man loveth
Death shall spare?"

What we mortals say God giveth,
Is but lent."

Well—but is that any healing
Of the rent

Of our souls while o'er their blossoms
Chill blight blows,

And we feel the fatal falling
Of the snows?

Nay, but elsewhere comes the healing—
For we know

There shall be a resurrection
After snow.

In the Summer of that country
Far away,

Shall we heed the blighting Autumn
Of to-day?

When our souls have reaped the harvests
Of our tears,

Shall we feel the lack and losses
Of these years?

Will our spirits be the poorer
In the hour

Of our triumph, for the losing
Of some flower

That we compassed with our loving?
Will our song

Be the fainter for the memory
Of some wrong

Over which we grieved upon this
Hither shore?

Shall we think the burdens heavy
That we bore?

Let us be at peace then—praying
In all pain,

"As thy will is done, our Father,
Is our gain."

PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

LAKE GENEVA.

ONE of the chief attractions of Switzerland is its lakes. Great mountains can only be formed by great depressions, and these depressions are full of the streams that perpetually flow from every snowy peak and every glacier gorge. The largest of these lakes is Constance, the sublimest is Lucerne, the loveliest is Geneva. Minor lakes of rare beauty lie at the foot of Bernese Alps, and are scattered among the hills. None of them equal Lucerne in grandeur, none surpass Geneva in combinations of every excellence. I spent four days on the shores of each. The last I could have gladly extended to forty. I reached Lausanne Saturday night. It is situated on a bank that rises steadily and somewhat steeply from the shore to a height of several hundred feet. It is about midway on the western side of the lake. The center of the town is half-way up the hill about a mile from the shore. The whole face of the country near the lake is covered with gardens, and parks, and vineyards. Above the town is the same rural landscape, so that it seems buried in foliage. Two points only of general interest are connected with the place, and these have reference to two foreigners and Englishmen. Here Gibbon finished his *History*, and Byron wrote the *Prisoner of Chillon*. I stood late in the evening on the little terrace which Gibbon says he walked on after closing his work. 'T was a night of like calmness as that, and from his garden to the lake and across to the solemn mountains but little had been changed. The same declining fields, rich and soft in verdure, the same gray water, the same grayer rocks that stood against its further side. The town around, too, had probably changed but little. There was the same street back of his house, which is now a hotel—narrow, with its great church close to his door, its steep, narrow streets plunging down from it on either hand, the long stairs that rise out of one of these gullies to the ancient and elegant cathedral. Only his own residence had been greatly altered, a hotel standing where his cottage stood. But while these things were so unaltered, I could not but ask, how is it now with the proud and talented skeptic who fancied that he had in that book written down Christianity and put its Master and Mohammed on the same level? Christ and his Church flourish more than ever. Gibbon and Mohammed are being rapidly forgotten.

At a pleasant old hotel on the shore Byron

wrote the story of *Chillon's Prisoner*. It is a three-story house of moderate size, with a little cupola and sort of belfry built up over its central front. There is nothing especially attractive about it, and probably its dingy room sheltering the poet from the storm did not in itself aid or suppress the fancies that teemed in his brain.

A sail of three hours southward along the moderately-inclining shores of the lake brings us to Geneva. Ten miles above we pass some white towers peering up behind a little village. It was the home and is the burial spot of Madame de Stael—a sweet seclusion which she and her father might have well enjoyed. Below it, but out of sight of the lake, is Ferney, the home of Voltaire for twenty years. I walked near it from Geneva. It is a very sweet valley of trees and fields, with a little cluster of houses sprinkled over its center. A tall white house out in its western suburb is his chateau. I was greatly inclined to visit his house, but the chamber where the bad man meets his fate, and the place where he has by his life merited that fate, are not subjects of deep interest. I turned away from it to sit on the brow of the hill which separates the valley of Ferney from that of Geneva, and see the sun make a golden set on Mt. Blanc. Hidden in a hollow of the hill, with no glimpse of lake or city, or of aught, save the fields near me and the hills before me, I drank in the spectacle. Every splinter and every dome stood forth in its full proportions.

A series of sharp turrets stretched far away to the right of Mt. Blanc. Close to it some of them stood. Above these the smooth white sides and dome of the chief mountain rose as serenely as a really-great man among his anxious and sharp-witted associates. Its face glowed as that of a dying saint. Long time the sun lingered and played round the summit. At last it departed, and the mass stood forth in the gray twilight cold and white as the face of the dead.

Geneva lies at the base of the lake close to its edge on a quay a mile long. The land is uneven, and the town rises somewhat abruptly from the lake. But its hills are so low in comparison with surrounding mountains that they fail to impress their character upon the city. The Rhone rushes by its south-western side, the town lining both of its banks. Tall and handsome new blocks face the river and the lake. Behind them are the crowded lanes of the ancient city, and beyond these over the hill the spacious residences of modern wealth and luxury. The city is guarded on every side by

mountains. On its left or western side the range of Jura runs straight and lofty parallel with the lake and but a few miles from it. Behind the city the bald hills of Leveve form an admirable background. They look as if they were not a mile from the shore, but are five miles. They overtop the town which nestles at their feet. Though very grand mountains anywhere else, their majesty is diminished by Mt. Blanc.

Two miles from Geneva on its eastern side is the Campagna Diodati, or farm of Diodati. It is on the steep lake-side—a farm of vineyards, with a square white mansion at its upper line. Here Milton came when on his youthful travels to Italy, and held converse with Diodati, professor of theology in Geneva, and active in the Protestant movement. As I wandered among its ancient trees while the morning light and shade fell dewily upon the lake and the opposing Jura, I enjoyed the thought of the high converse held by these great minds, scorned by the world, but loved of God. The world was then, as now, full of pride, of ignorance, of pomp, of power. But they, loving truth for its own sake, were lifted far above it; and, though discussing the exciting times in which their lives were cast, and the weighty responsibilities enjoined upon them in connection therewith, they must have also enjoyed the bracing atmosphere of the heavenly hills on whose breezy uplands they together walked. But this plain old mansion has other memories. Byron here composed the third canto of *Childe Harold* and the *Tragedy of Manfred*. One could easily imagine how the first could have here been written. But how could that darkest of tragedies—his soul's suicide—have been wrought out in this tender and glorious spot? Think of the archangel ruined pacing these walks, or looking from these windows with a soul set on fire of hell, wreaking its terrible experiences into that terrible utterance. How different the two pictures of Diodati's mansion! Two Englishmen, both young, both democrats, both endowed with poetry of the highest order; but one lays himself upon the altar and sees the aristocracy and the throne shake and fall before the might of his earnest pen; the other casts his heaven-given pearls before the swine of passion and pollution, and they turn and rend him.

The extremes of the lake hold its chief beauties. So, taking the steamer, we leave Geneva for Vevay, ten miles above Lausanne, and as many below the head of the lake. It is a lovely sunset when we set our foot on this lovely spot. The close-packed town mars the impressions of the hour, and it is hastily left

behind as we walk along the edge of "clear, placid Leman." The town is on a slight curvature of the shore, with hills thick with vine-walls rising behind it, and the lake sleeping and smiling before it. Far down a score of miles it glittered motionless. The dark Alps, with here and there a snow-cap, crowded down upon the opposite shore, their gray, hard forms radiant in the golden light, and their deep repose intensifying the like quiet that brooded over the rest of the scene. We are in the most poetic section of the lake. Rousseau and Byron had made it famous with their pens; they could not make more beautiful.

Three miles of a delicious walk and Clarens is reached. Like Vevay it is a sheltered nook below modest, before majestic mountains. As I leaned over the balcony of the Cygne, with odors of sweet flowers around me, the calmest of waters reflecting the still stars and sleeping clouds, and the dark hills opposite joining their shadows to those of star and cloud, I thought no scene of earth could be lovelier—hardly any scene of heaven. Byron's enthusiastic lines descriptive of the place were more than answered by the perfect reality:

"Clarens, sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought,
Thy trees take root in love, the snows above
The very glaciers have his colors caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays that sleep there lovingly."

Is it not strange that the history of this lake is so closely interwoven with perverted genius? Byron, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Voltaire share with Calvin alone the honors which genius gives to and receives from nature. Alas, that that horrible logic of the latter is as much at variance with the spirit of the place as the horrible opinions of the former! Calvin's spirit was in closer affinity than the others. It was pure, prayerful, honest. Alone of all his school, before or after, he had the courage to say, as well as heart to feel, that the conclusion to which his logic compelled him was a "horrible decree." The other heroes of the scene were fast bound by voluntary sin to involuntary punishment. "Self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau," is a fitting inscription for them all. They ought not to be the soul ministers of the holy landscape. If they have by merit gained this seat, there is one yet superior which they and such as they can never reach. In that department Calvin shines as the sun coming out of his chamber. His errors of metaphysical theology are forgotten in his zeal and courage in the cause of the truth.

The castle of Chillon close at hand shines

more in the sufferings of Bonneville than in the verse of Byron. That castle lies a mile or two beyond Chillon. Under steep and dark mountains, which impend over the lake, on a little rock close to the shore, are its many-headed towers. It was built in the twelfth century. For three hundred years the groanings of the prisoner ascended from its walls before the people triumphed over it. The most notable that has found record among men is that of a Protestant pastor of Savoy, who boldly preached political sermons against Catholicism and the tyranny of the duke. He was taken hither, and for six years was chained to a pillar in a dungeon. His path was eight feet long and three wide. Constant treading had worn his steps into the solid rock of the floor. It was mortifying to our vanity and healthy to our spirit to walk that little space, to lean against the pillar, to sit upon the stone at its base, and reflect on the courage and endurance of that minister of Jesus Christ. In such a spot how little seems our faith, how much less our works! Let objectors to political preaching take a lesson from the incident.

The dungeon is large and lofty, having the aspect of a subterranean chapel. It is about twenty feet by a hundred, with two walls of solid rock, out of which it is hewn, and the face toward the lake pierced by three or four high and narrow apertures, out of which no one could look except to the sky. The prisoner of Chillon could not pace round his dungeon floor nor look out of it upon a green island as the poet suggests. The pillar and chain were his prison. He was released when the Genoese, after severe engagements, took the castle and established civil and religious liberty on the shores of their lake three hundred years ago—the only place with its adjoining cantons where it yet dwells in Europe. The castle is now used as an armory by the Swiss Government, and shields with "Liberte et Patrie" encircling a cross, and encircled by a vine wreath, inscribed upon them, replace the bloody symbols of feudal tyranny.

A cozy railway station near the castle is our point of departure from it and the lake of Geneva. More reluctantly than we have left any spot yet in Europe did we bid adieu to the peaceful water with its inspiring mountains and more inspiring memories. But "here is not your rest" sounded in our ears, and we obeyed. A ride of forty miles through the level valley of the Rhone and between its straight lines of lofty mountains, brought us back to Martigny on our way to the last and greatest of Alpine sights.

MT. BLANC.

We have told how and when we first saw the monarch. The second sight was as follows: Ten hours' walk from Martigny on a showery day brought us to the village of Chamouni at sunset of a Saturday night. The clouds hung low, so that only the base of the walls of the valley were visible. Which side remained humble servitors, and which towered into the king, it was hard for our democratic eyes to discover. Probably the worshipers of caste and class could have easily told, for the distinction being in blood and *ab origine*, it must appear in the rudimentary and basal forms. If *ex pede Hercules* is the law of statues, then of stones in general. If Ham was foreordained to servitude and Japheth to sovereignty, and the servant showed the irresistible predetermination from the heel of the foot to the wool of the crown, much more should it appear in the lesser forms of matter. But, alas! my abolitionism made my democracy yet more democratic. Some Americans used to tone down that American idea by the slaveholding opposite, and so maintain that judicious balance which exists in Britain and South Carolina. The aristocracy are those who live up to

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should get who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Democracy is for the rest of mankind. Well, Ham or Hercules, it matters not, our vision was held, and we sought our bed with no sight but of returning excursionists on weary mules or wearier feet—of half a dozen monstrous Summer hotels stuck among a little crowd of dirty huts, as Gulliver's house would have been had he built one among his Liliputian friends—of a light green valley a mile wide with a very white river rushing among very much whiter stones, many of which lay far on either side of the narrow, august channel, tokens of the days of its freshets past and to be—of black walls rising sharply out of the greenish fields, here and there broken by broad masses of dirty white ice with blue edges, like blue eyes in an unwashed face—this figure won't go on all fours according to Aristotle's rule, so do n't try to make it—and, pleasantest feature of all, by a little chapel, steep of roof, narrow of sides, and very "jolie" in its look—not the English jolly; they hardly apply that to churches, though they are very fond of the word itself, and strengthen it with the epithet "awful" when they would describe a great sight or experience.

The Sunday was indeed a sun day. I looked out of the window over the white Arve flying beneath as if afraid of the glaciers from which it had escaped, and right up above me stood a white mountain. It was a very simple, unassuming mountain. A third of the way up it was bare rock, except the glacier, which came down to the valley, covering half of its base. A white robe fell upon the other third, interspersed with a few ragged spots of rock. Then there stands forth a white and smooth precipice, and from that sweeps up a dome of snow, above which the ridge slopes upward steady and lustrous to another glittering dome. The glacier, which is nearer us than the ridge, fills with ice hundreds of feet thick the cleft in its side, which in ordinary mountains is filled with trees or debris. At the top of the glacier, half-way up the mountain, the snow sweeps upward, one awful face of glittering white, to the shining dome aforesaid. The topmost dome is Mt. Blanc.

When one is brought for the first time into the presence of a great man of whom he has heard and read much he is apt to feel a sense of disappointment. He exclaims, "Can that be a realization of my ideal?" All the poetry vanishes before the fact. The hero may recover himself afterward, and if he does he will rise to a higher elevation than he held in the inexperienced mind. So is it with Mt. Blanc. The sky was so clear, the mountain so near that it did not seem much of a hill after all. "Why, one could go up there and back before dinner easy. Nonsense to call that Mt. Blanc." So thinks I to myself, and then sought help of an American friend, who had been waiting half a week in the rain to get a glimpse of his majesty. He said it was the real thing, and expressed like disappointment. Yet the mountain shone on in the bright Sabbath sun, and was too busy in praising its Maker to notice our non-sabbatical examinations and censures. We took the hint and let him alone, and spent the sacred hours in the pretty little chapel, enjoying the service and the sermons. We found at sunset that the mountain had grown considerably during the day, especially when clouds passed across its sides or lay in huge masses far below us and it. The sunlight climbed slowly up from the valley, and it was nearly an hour after it had left us before it left the top. Steadily fixing our gaze upon it, and comparing it with the sharp and snowless needles that stood along its northern side, facing the eastern side of the valley, we began to feel its greatness. The frozen cataract of the glacier ceased to be a cataract half-way up, and was a simple sheet of ice for five

thousand feet upward—as if the smooth face of Niagara should suddenly be extended to forty times its present length and then frozen into the repose it now exhibits and covered with a sheet of snow. Probably that face of snow would be no steeper than this is. If, then, the broken waves of the cataract above could be made almost as precipitous as the falls now are and affixed to the smooth slope of the great cataract for another mile below it, and you stood close to where its broken but motionless billows rested, you would have the height of the mountain from the vale of Chamouni. The valley is a little over 3,000 feet above the sea, the mountain nearly 16,000, so that over 12,500 feet are set before you at a glance, and as near to you as it is possible for that height to get with any breadth of base. The vale closes three or four miles above, but extends southward with a slight variation to Lake Geneva, over sixty miles.

The mountains that rise opposite Mt. Blanc across the valley afford fine views of it and its row of adjacent Aiguilles, or needles. Two of these opposite peaks are favorite points of observation, Mt. Flegere and Brebent. The last is twice as high as the first, and directly over against the dome. But a cloudy Monday did not warrant the ten hours' climb up and down which was required to enjoy its panorama. Five hours satisfied our feet if it did not our eyes. So we toil up the Flegere, and from its observatory take in the prospect. The Mt. Blanc range differs from that of the Bernese and the Monte Rosa in that it is the only one of many peaks that is covered with snow. A score of white peaks stretches above and below the queenly Jung Frau. More than fifty can be counted around Monte Rosa. All the neighbors of Mt. Blanc are very sharp needles. A lower dome of its own mass, as we have said, is white, but these row of pinnacles that range themselves beside it are too pointed to hold the ice and snow. The distinction increases the impressiveness of the superior summit.

Another peculiarity is that from this point the whole range looks very small. It is only three or four miles from the base of Mt. Blanc to that of Aiguille Verde, the most northern of the highest peaks. Its circuit is very great, but from this spot it seems very small. The whole impression from Flegere or the valley is one of grandeur. The sublimity with which Coleridge's imagination endowed it gradually grows upon us. The great sweep of mountain after mountain lying along the whole heavens is not in this picture, but its simple, harmonious, towering proportions, standing alone among his associates

as a Napoleon among his marshals, gives it a glory of its own, the more striking for its monarchical separation.

THE JARDIN.

The great excursion from Chamouni, next to ascending Mt. Blanc, is to visit the Jardin. Having neither time nor means for the great enterprise, we contented ourselves with the less. The Jardin, or Garden, is a green and flowery spot ten thousand three hundred feet high, among rivers of perpetual ice and snowless cliffs and pinnacles. The journey thither is over the Mer de Glace, and has all the excitement with but little of the peril of the highest Alpine travel. After nearly three hours' climbing we come to the shores of the Mer de Glace. This sea of ice is more a river than a sea. It is about a mile wide, and winds up into the heart of the mountains some six miles. Tossed up into gigantic waves, cleft to the base often by the force of the sun, its surface dark with the debris scattered over it—such is the famous river of ice. A rude house high up on its rocky banks gave us humble quarters for the night. The winds roared fiercely down the valley of the river as cold and doleful as the wildest of January tornadoes. Our little house shook to its foundations, and seemed more than once inclined to give up the defensive and fly on the wings of the wind down to Chamouni. But out of regard to us it held on. He who giveth his angels charge concerning us and holdeth the winds in his fist, kept the little house immovable, and neither foot nor head was dashed against a stone. By morning the winds lulled, and we took our Alpine stock and set out for the garden. An hour's walk beside the Mer, often hanging on by the eyelids, as they say, to the steep cliffs, lands us on its edge, and we walk upon the waves. Great gulfs open at our feet, which we carefully circumnavigate. Deep clefts, not too wide for an adventurous stride, witness our passage. Look down. How blue and glistening the crystal edges! Sometimes you can see the bottom of the cleavage, thirty, sixty, a hundred feet below. Sometimes it is unfathomable to the eyes. Pools are seen from an inch or two in diameter to a hundred feet. Drop a stone into the least of these and no answer comes back. They go to the bottom of the ice mountain.

The clefts and holes are the great peril of glacier traveling. Once in and you must wait the slow flow of the river ere what is left of you can reappear. It will arise again, for the river, still as it looks, is always flowing, and its current is accurately estimated. A strange

proof of the correctness of this science occurred while we were at Chamouni. Three guides fell into one of these crevasses on Mt. Blanc forty years ago, and it was ascertained that by the law of glacier progress they should reach the valley this year. So search was made for them at the lower edge, and sure enough their clothes and some of their bones were discovered that very week. They were recognized by their dress, and after forty years in a slowly-moving grave of ice, they rest in peace. Yet how different is their present grave! What is the earth but a cemetery gliding through the spaces? Wordsworth's shivering lines more than suggest this—

"No motion has she now, no force,
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With winds, and rocks, and trees."

An hour's walk across such suggestive ice-fields brings us to the point where its channel meets those descending from other clefts. We leave the main stream to the right. Terribly gloomy it looks pouring down through these dark gray masses from the white sides of the central mountain—wide, wild, tossed into breakers, yet as quiet and as ghastly as the angry fighter suddenly struck by death. Our path leads across an immense moraine. These are deposits of rocks and gravel brought down by the ice and glaciers. They sometimes become very large. This is a huge mass a quarter of a mile wide and fifty feet high. Great boulders lie on its topmost mounds. One can readily see where Prof. Agassiz got his glacier theory from as to the deposition of these rocks over the face of the earth. It is so clear and conclusive to an Alpine traveler that he wonders how it could be called a discovery at all. Like Columbus with his egg and his continent, it seems to belong to instinct and the natural reason.

The mighty rocks lie on the face of the sea, especially in its upper sections, and our guide showed us to one which he knew had descended from a far-distant ridge which he pointed out. The ice gets under the ridges and eats away the earth. The rock falls, and once on the surface of the river it is borne along whithersoever the current listeth.

We soon strike the ice again, walking up its gradual slope for a mile or more, when a high mountain, and steep exceedingly, demands the tribute of an hour's hard climbing. It repays us by views of the great glacier that flows down beneath and beside us; broken into thousands of sharp blue pinnacles by its precipitous descent. At the end of this mountain, across a smooth sheet of ice a mile wide, is the Jardin.

It is a cliff tossed up out of descending ice-rivers. Around these rivers are black walls of the wildest, hardest rock. The lower edge of the cliff is covered with faded grass sprinkled with flowers. The garden is not wonderful for beauty, but when its position is considered—two miles above the sea, and in a region which left miles below the last stunted shrub of vegetable life—it deserves the praise which it receives. The sun broke through the cold, stormy clouds for a few moments when we came in sight of it, and the green islet glowed quite lovingly amid the terrific desolation. Before we reached it the sun had withdrawn its shining, and as we throw ourselves on the grass for our lunch, a driving hail-storm, freezing cold, dashes upon us. It would be difficult if not an impossibility to erect a house here, as no animal except man and the chamois ever travels hither. And the first could n't and the last would n't drag up the necessary timbers, while if they got them here the Winter's storms and avalanches would probably send them all back before Spring. So we could do no better than to eat our bread and meat after the manner of General Scott and the Israelites at the Passover, and hasten down to a warmer climate. Half a dozen kinds of flowers glowed in the grass. Beautiful blue violets, daisies, anemones, and the old familiar Canada thistle. The Jardin is about half a dozen acres in extent, lying on the south side of a hill, which is protected by high mountains before and behind. This is the reason probably of its unnatural warmth and fertility.

It was a curious evidence of the pushing nature of the Anglo-Saxon race that on that dismal morning no less than twenty-five persons were there at once, and every one of these except the guides were English and American. A Frenchman got as far as our hotel at Montanvert last night, but his courage gave out at that point. The day before two English ladies, one quite advanced in years, made the trip hither.

A thick cloud embraces us ere we fairly get away from the spot, so thick that it could be felt way to the bones. It soon changes to a pouring rain, and we pick our way along the gaping, slippery ice for two hours in garments that soon became channels for the admission of the water rather than protections against it. Another two hours' run down the muddy side of the mountain and the hotel of Chamouni welcomed us with dry clothes, warm fires, and a hot supper, for which, I trust, we were truly grateful.

So ended our excursions among the Alps. We

turned our face from the fearful forms of nature to civilization and Christianity—to man and Italy. A day's walk over the Col de Baume—the hill which shuts in the valley of Chamouni on the north—gave us a parting glance at the monarch and his house of lords, though heavy clouds marred the perfection of the view. We turn our back upon him, pass the romantic valley of the Trent, hidden among black, wooded hills, toil up the Foreclez and feast our eyes on the magnificent valley of the Rhone. Here it lies for forty miles—a street of verdure two or three miles wide between swell fronts of gray rock with thin roofs of snow.

There is no better place than this to close our too long story. At Martigny, two hours below, we mount the cars for the base of the pass, the railroad not being finished yet over the mountain. The walk over the Simplon has no more labor in it than upon a common highway, though it has somewhat grander scenery.

So here we bid good-by to the high Alps. Thirty days in their presence has only made them seem the more wonderful. Some of their grandest portions are unvisited. But enough has been seen to awe and overwhelm, to upraise and purify. He setteth fast the mountains; yet the everlasting hills shall smoke, and bow, and vanish away, while the Word of our God and the children of our God endureth forever. Traveling among them is easy in comparison with walking on the common earth. The air is so quickening that one can walk eight and ten hours day by day without getting exhausted. Yet they are not agreeable and apparently not healthy to dwell in. They are not unlike some of the highest emotions and principles of human experience which are so inspiring to contemplate and occasionally to visit, but which almost invariably make those who ceaselessly dwell among them goitres or cretins. Here and there an extreme reformer or pietist may maintain a perfect life on the divine uplands, but their companions and followers are almost sure to be largely diseased and demoralized. The common level is the best for the common race. We go up on the delectable mountains for visions and for inspirations, but we work these into our daily and lowly duties and trials, joys and sorrows. Only the hills of heaven are perfect at once for glory and beauty, for everlasting health and home.

But I am treading on debatable ground in suggesting that the highlands of earth or soul are not adapted to human nature. It is too late to set forth here all the limitations with which the statement must be received. It is enough to say that extreme heights of experi-

ence are rarely reached and still more rarely occupied. Wordsworth is not the only one who has found

"How hard it is to keep
Hights which the soul is competent to gain."

It is also evident that where one succeeds in dwelling healthfully in these exalted hights, as did Sir Thomas à Kempis and Carosso, hundreds have, like Simon Stylites, of all Churches and all history, only exhibited the malformations of fanaticism rather than the education of grace.

Yet there is no doubt, also, that the high uplands of piety are far better than the lower and more luxurious valleys. So is it with this region. Though the worst of diseases are found in the grandest of scenery, it is true that the more common uplands have the best *people* in Europe. No where are there such free and equal institutions, no where such general intelligence, comfort and prosperity as in the Protestant cantons. Lake Geneva and Berne are surpassed by no section of America in these traits, and are far before every other section of Europe.

So we may still say that the highlands of earth and of soul are the best adapted for the development of humanity here, while the highest lands, whether material or spiritual, are ordinarily reserved for the renewed inhabitants of the new earth and the new heavens.

SLEEP.

BY B. M. GENUNG.

IF any where there is a world where the inhabitants never sleep, and one of them could make a visit here and see a person wrapt in slumber, he would undoubtedly consider it as great a wonder as any thing he ever saw before, and might conclude that one asleep was no better than one dead—he might at first see but little difference between the two.

Sleep is a curious condition to be in, yet it is so common and so natural that it is seldom thought of any more than a state of wakefulness. While one is asleep he is of no more use, can do no more good than he could if he were dead; but while in that state he is being recruited and prepared to *live* again and act the part of a living, wakeful man. Let that state continue uninterruptedly, and so far as action or usefulness is concerned the person might as well be dead. The difference, however, between sleep and death is very great. In the former the voluntary faculties and external senses are

torpid, suspended; in the latter, as far as we can see, all are suspended, or, as we say, dead, because the spirit has left the body. Sleep, though a necessity, is as much a duty and privilege as wakefulness, and he who would live well must sleep well.

The best sleeping can be done with plenty of fresh air to breathe, after the labors of the day, several hours after eating, after suitable evening prayers, in the darkness of the night, when care has been laid aside and thought sweetly lulled to rest. That is natural, refreshing, and healthful sleep, such as the Creator ordained to recruit the wearied body and soul of man.

It is not true that persons *enjoy* sleep, as they often say; for if asleep they are unconscious, and there can not be real enjoyment without consciousness.

Indeed, we never yet found any persons who remember of having "gone to sleep." They remember of awaking, and hence know they have been asleep; they know there has been a blank in the duration of their volitions and consciousness, but can not recollect just where they left off thinking, they know not where they left the world of wakefulness, crossed over and entered the realm of slumber, as they know and remember of having passed from a warm room into a cold one or from a light into a dark place. But the vigor and elasticity which body and soul derive from sleep can be enjoyed with a delightful relish, and are worth more than all the quinine, calomel, and opium in the world.

"O, what would I not give for one good night's sleep!" says many a worn-out, sleepless one. In reply, it might be asked, "What *would* you give? A good measure of self-denial? A late or hearty supper, or whatever you find disturbs your rest? Would you resign all care into the hands of your Heavenly Father, and allow him to keep and manage your affairs at least till morning?" Try it every night for a month. There is more danger from *overeating* than from *oversleeping*. "Let the children sleep all they will," the best physicians say, and experience, which is the test of nature, shows that this is applicable to adults, provided they sleep, in the night-time, all that is necessary to recruit their energies, and then keep well astir during the hours of daylight.

Perhaps on an average the whole human family from birth to death sleep from one-fourth to one-third of the time. Yet that is by no means lost time, but hours well spent under one of the kind provisions of the Creator, preparing us for a livelier activity and renewed life when we awake.

MILTON, THE REPUBLICAN.

BY REV. JOHN MOORE.

THERE are some men who are in advance of their age, and, therefore, are not understood or appreciated by their cotemporaries. Though surrounded by the multitude, they are comparatively solitary. They are branded as radicals and disturbers of the peace, because they dare to think for themselves, and vary from the beaten track of their fathers. Sometimes centuries elapse before they are duly understood and their worth appreciated. Such men are often among the world's greatest benefactors and moral heroes.

Such a man was John Milton, born in the early part of the seventeenth century. He was far beyond his age, and it remained for future generations to do him justice. This is true of him in other respects than as a poet. It is in this character that he is generally known and estimated, while little is known of him as a prose writer and patriot. Milton spent twenty years of his life in controversy in defense of liberty. He was, in his day, with the pen in the cause of republicanism, what Oliver Cromwell was with the sword. He was a most uncompromising opponent of despotism in Church and State.

His republicanism was not taken up by him, but it took him up; it was a part of himself, having begun to develop itself in his early youth. He always possessed a free and adventurous spirit, that could not be confined in the old rut of public opinion and action. He was first free himself, and thus he was prepared to think, feel, and act most efficiently to make others free. He was designed by his father for the ministry in the Church of England. But that was not a congenial home for such a free spirit as Milton. He considered freedom of thought, utterance, and action, as worth more than honors, wealth, and power. He urged as an objection, "that he who would take orders must subscribe, slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either perjure or split his faith. I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence, before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing." He says in another connection: "For me I have determined to lay up as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, if God vouchsafe it to me, the honest liberty of free speech from my youth."

The times in which Milton lived were adapted to develop and test his love of liberty. That was an age in which monarchy and republican-

ism, prelacy and independency were in fierce conflict; that was the age of Laud, Charles First, and Cromwell. During his early life, affairs in England were rapidly approaching a crisis. His contemplative and far-seeing mind readily saw that many years would not pass without a great change taking place in favor of one side or the other, and he was fully prepared to throw himself into the conflict when the crisis came.

In 1628 his father gave him permission and means to travel on the Continent. His object was the improvement of his mind, and that more complete education which traveling in foreign countries alone could afford. While traveling his free spirit could not submit to the usual restraint. Being then twenty years of age, he took with him only a servant, and refused to be accompanied by a tutor, for the reason that those who are capable of being benefited by their travels "ought to be free masters of their own actions." While at Rome he visited Galileo, then lying in prison because he dared to think for himself, with whom he deeply sympathized, which fact, in connection with the somewhat free expression of his principles, created a prejudice against him. Having journeyed to the South as far as Naples, he proposed to travel in Sicily and Greece, but before he left the news reached him of the civil war in England, and he altered his plan. "While I was desirous," he says, "to cross into Sicily and Greece, the sad news of civil war coming from England called me back; for I considered it disgraceful that, while my fellow-countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be traveling abroad at ease for intellectual purposes." He could not remain abroad, while his country at home was struggling for liberty. However strong his desire was to visit then the land of Homer and Demosthenes, he was ready to deny himself, and hurry home, knowing that his country needed the sympathy and aid of every truly-noble and patriotic heart.

After his arrival in London, he hired a house in a retired part of the city and engaged in teaching, where he was prepared to battle manfully for freedom, as the exigencies of the time might require. He thus speaks of the state of the nation: "On my return from my travels, I found all mouths open against the Bishops; some complaining of their vices, and others quarreling with the very order; and thinking from such beginning a way might be opened to true liberty, I hastily engaged in dispute, as well to rescue my fellow-citizens from slavery as to help the Puritan ministers." The Puritans at that time felt that the prelatical constitution of the Church was the chief pillar of despotism, and ecclesias-

tical reform was then a prominent subject before the Parliament. He threw himself into the controversy, and the first blow he struck was in the form of a large pamphlet, which was a vehement attack on prelacy. That called out, as the defender of prelacy, Hall, Bishop of Norwich, to whom five Puritan ministers replied, and then Archbishop Usher came to the rescue of Hall, and then Milton came out in additional pamphlets, which triumphantly refuted and warded off the arguments and scurrilous attacks of his adversaries. It was not long afterward that the bill was passed to exclude Bishops from their seats in Parliament, and both Houses signed "the Solemn League and Covenant" which bound the two kingdoms to the extirpation of Popery and prelacy. From that time republicanism in Church and State had unprecedented prosperity. The relation which he sustained to that result was evident to all, and must have afforded him unspeakable joy.

He fully sympathized with the revolutionists in their efforts to overthrow the despotic power of the King. It was only a few days after the execution of Charles that he published a pamphlet vindicating that act as right under the circumstances, and necessary to the security of popular rights.

He was appointed by the Government of the Commonwealth as Foreign or Latin Secretary, which appointment had the full sanction of Cromwell, though he did not entirely agree with the Protector, especially in his view favoring a State Church. He was in advance of the latter as a republican, but at the same time was his enthusiastic admirer and eulogist, and thus expresses himself respecting him:

"Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but distractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plow'd,
And fought God's battles and his work pursued."

While Secretary he not only performed most ably his direct official duties, but rendered valuable services to the cause of freedom by repelling the attacks made by the emissaries of despotism. The most prominent effort of this kind he performed, was his "Defense" of the people of England in reply to a book written by a foreigner. Charles the Second being then in exile in Holland, employed Salmasius, a learned Frenchman, and professor at Leyden, to write a defense of his late father and of monarchy. He wrote a large volume, in which the late King was represented as the purest saint, and the people denounced in the most vituperative language. He spoke of the latter as those who

"toss the heads of kings about as so many tennis balls; who play with crowns as if they were bowls; and who look upon scepters as if they were crooks." The members of the English Council appointed him to defend their cause against the attack. Milton immediately commenced the undertaking, though the loss of his eyesight, he was convinced, would result from the effort; but rather than that the cause of freedom should suffer, he was ready to suffer that sad calamity.

Milton, in his reply to Salmasius, predicted that "the very next age will bury his name in oblivion, unless this defense of the King may, perhaps, be beholden to the answers I give it for being looked into now and then;" which prophecy has proved true. He addressed his antagonist, at times, in language terribly severe. Thus, Salmasius having said that, in undertaking to write his defense of the King, he met with so many monsters of novelty that he was astounded, and was at a loss what to say first, what next, and what last of all. Milton replied: "I will tell you what the matter is with you. In the first place, you find yourself astonished and affrighted at your monstrous lies, and then you find that empty head of yours not encompassed, but carried round with so many trifles and fooleries, that you not only now do not, but never did, know what was fit to be spoken, and in what method."

The reply of Milton was most able and triumphant, and called forth the highest admiration and praise, not only in his own country but in others. It is said to have broken the heart of Salmasius, and caused Christiana, the Queen of Sweden, to withdraw her patronage from him, and he soon after died.

Many, who praise Milton as a poet, regret that he spent so many years in controversy, instead of writing poetry. Such generally sympathize with monarchy more than with republicanism. He was a great citizen and patriot as well as poet, and he could not have employed his powers in a better manner than in defending civil and religious liberty against the usurpations of tyranny. In his old age he looked back with peculiar satisfaction on the years thus spent in a most worthy cause.

At the restoration of Charles the Second Milton was discharged from his office, and for some time he secreted himself in the house of a friend. Several of his books were collected and publicly burned by the common hangman. Mainly through the influence of his friends, the King consented not to take his life. He retired to spend the remainder of his life away from the busy world. He was poor and blind, but he possessed the

wealthiest mind in England. Cut off from the world of vision and active life, he turned to the world within. He repined not; he had faith in the triumph of the principles he had so long and ably advocated. He was not idle in his old age—he wrote his *Paradise Lost*, and *Paradise Regained*. He lived nobly, and died in the Christian's hope, and is now in heaven; and, though dead, he still lives on earth.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'this was a man!'"

THE HARP OF COLUMBIA.

BY AMANDA F. JONES.

ARISE, O ye poets, and sing of the dead!
Unnumbered they sleep on Columbia's breast;
With cheeks flushed with hope, to the South they were led;
Battle-crushed, fever-stricken, they sink to their rest.
Awake the sweet strains of Columbia's harp,
Let music throb proudly by forest and strand,
Let the rattling of cannon, resounding and sharp,
Be drowned by your songs, O ye bards of the land!
"We see in the dark cloud the chariots of fire,
We see the bright hordes as they rise newly crowned;
But vainly our weak hands roam over the lyre,
Our sobs break anew with each fragment of sound.
Alas for our death and our dying! so long
The kings of the mountain, the lords of the vale;
O, call not upon us to shrine them in song;
They are torn from our hearts—we but shudder and wail."
Yet, poets of old, when the cloud was afar,
Ye sang of your fathers, how nobly they died!
Your clashing harps mimicked the rattle of war,
And heaven echoed grandly the bursts of your pride.
"We sang—yes, we sang—we were warm to the core—
While we thought of the marches to battles gone by,
Blood staining the snow-hills and tracking the shore,
But valor to vanquish, and courage to die!
We sang—yes, we sang of the sires of our sires;
With rapture we saw them enthroned in the spheres.
They had bled, they had died, they had passed through
the fires,
Their brows crowned with bay were too awful for
tears."
All softly and sweetly the forefathers sleep!
But new themes await you—fresh armies have bled:
What old battles won shall the new battles keep—
Then rise, O ye poets, and sing of the dead!
"Ah, down by death's river we sit in despair,
And watch where our kinsmen drop into the wave;
Unswept hangs the harp, and unthrilled is the air—
Alas that they perish, the loyal, the brave!
We do well! let us wail for our fallen to-day;
But the *sons of our sons* shall their victories sing;
Half blind with the splendor of brows crowned with bay,
They will sweep the glad harp, and all heaven shall
ring!"

THE YEAR OF FREEDOM.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

I WATCH to-night with throbbing heart,
And soul that lowly bendeth,
With trembling joy to wait the gift
Our Heavenly Father sendeth;
With one kind hand he takes away
Our heavy night of sorrow,
And with the other reacheth down
A glad, Auroral morrow.
O land, so full of wailing hearts
O'er hopeless sorrows bending
Whose funeral bells keep tolling on
Through day and night, unending;
God takes from off thy forehead fair
The stain of guilt unspoken,
And sets the crown of freedom there,
Thy birthright's glorious token.
We sat in empty homes, and thought
Of lips that used to greet us—
But never more at morn or eve
With smile or song might meet us;
And in our anguish oft we cried,
O, friends beloved and cherished,
Would that our hands had held you back
Since all in vain ye perished!
But, lo! the precious seed we left,
In crimson furrows sleeping,
Beneath our dropping tears, has sprung
To freedom's golden reaping!
And we can say, with hearts that hold
Our fallen heroes dearer,
We lent our treasures to the Lord
To bring his kingdom nearer.
Toll, toll along the solemn night,
The sad old year is dying!
Seal up the records of its woe,
The burden of its sighing—
And pray the Lord above, who holds
Our spirits in his keeping,
That never more may dawn for us
So many hours of weeping.
Ring out, O golden bells of morn!
Our souls give back your pealing,
We see the rosy light of day
O'er all the hill-tops stealing.
Glory to God! the night is past;
O, haste that perfect morrow,
When not a slave in all the land
Shall bow in chains and sorrow.

FOR AN ALBUM.

BY RICHARD RINGWOOD.

ONE friend's kind word, another's line,
And still another's simple name,
Here stand, like stars that ever shine
In heaven's ecstatic frame,
To cheer the nights of gloom and woe
Which mortals meet where'er they go.

"GOD WILL SHOW ME THE WAY."

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"WOUNDED and killed!" But forty of the former and twenty of the latter. A short list, every body said, after such an encouraging victory, and thousands of eyes ran carelessly down the line of strange names with little emotion. Life seems to grow cheap in times of war. And yet, as a sweet writer has said, "every name in that list is a lightning-stroke to some heart. It breaks like thunder over some home, and falls a long black shadow on some hearth-stone."

Miles away from the battle-field, and two days after the conflict at Rich Mountain, sat a mother with her little ones about her, eagerly reading by the fading light the news which the evening paper brought. It was a very pleasant little group to look upon; six children in all, the youngest yet in her cradle, laughing gleefully as Fanny and Eddy played "bopeep" with their little pet, behind the cradle-top. Gentle, womanly little Ruth, her mother's stand-by, sat by the sunset window, hastening to set the last stitches in a little dress for baby Nelly. Poor lame Lucy sat as usual in her easy chair, and the click of her bright needles made pleasant music as she turned the heel of a warm gray sock, intended for the comfort of the absent one when cold weather came. Father should not be dependent on Government supplies for any thing home hands could furnish. William, his father's namesake, had just come in from finishing all his outdoor work, and stopped by the cradle a moment, to see little Nelly's dimpled hands catch at the brim of his straw hat. But with a sight of his face came the remembrance of sundry merry romps and walks in the garden, and so the baby hands were outreached, and the baby voice made known its wants in very intelligible language.

"So brother Will has to take you up if he comes near you, does he, little lady-bird? Well, come on, then." And in a moment the dimpled arms were clasped about his neck, and it was hard to tell which looked the most pleased. It is a very good sign for a lad to see him kind to his little brothers and sisters.

But while all were so happy around her, the mother's heart beat with fearful anxiety as she hastened along the columns before her. Presently her eye grew fixed, and a wild cry was scarcely restrained, for in that little list of twenty names was one dearer than life to her. "My brave, noble husband!" and the head drops on the window-sill, and the paper falls from her hand. It takes but a moment to tell it all, and

so the blight falls on all their happiness, and a double darkness was ushered in with that evening's gloom.

Death, if it takes only a tiny babe with its little span of months for a life history, makes a wide break in the home-circle; but O, when "the strong staff and the beautiful rod" are removed what tongue can portray the anguish? Among that stricken group William was first to notice the blanched cheek and drooping head of his suffering sister. In an instant he was by her side, and, with his mother's aid, quickly bore her to her couch. The sudden stroke was too much for her delicate frame, and all night long, eyes dim with tears, and hearts breaking with sorrow, watched with anxious love beside her. The exertion was useful to them, so kindly does Providence order even our calamities, which, we say, "never come singly," by making the lesser affliction draw off our minds in a measure from the greater. For a time it seemed that a double bereavement was about to fall upon them; but God was merciful, and Lucy was once more brought back to them as from the very gates of death. Overflowing thankfulness for her recovery seemed a little to lift the gloom that shrouded them, though as the days went by the burden became more real and terrible.

"You will feel your loss more this day two weeks," said a humble neighbor to me, as I sat by a little white-robed angel, who had left my home so dark, when the sweet sunlight faded from her violet eyes, and the little feet turned out from life's highway, to walk the sapphire pavement. I found her words too true. The first sharpness of grief may wear away, but the deeper-seated, desolating sorrow that succeeds it is harder far to bear.

Mary Raymond, usually so hopeful and cheery, seemed utterly crushed by the blow which had fallen upon her. She longed and struggled to rest her wounded spirit on a Savior's infinite bosom of love; but "clouds of darkness seemed round about Him." Poor, frail Lucy, the one of all the flock to be cherished and comforted, turned comforter herself. On no one could the stroke fall heavier, for the rest had health and active pursuits to engross their minds a portion of the time at least, but she was always in the same quiet spot by the window-seat, busy all day with her own sad thoughts. But suffering had been blessed to Lucy. She had learned to look for all her comfort, all her strength, to the only true Fountain.

THE MOTHER'S COUNSELOR.

Days wore on, and yet the desolate heart of the widow could find in all the weary round of

earth no resting-place. But now the stern necessity for exertion forced itself most painfully upon her mind. Funds were running low, and where was she to look for fresh supplies? Her husband had been an industrious mechanic, and had always provided plentifully for his household, while Mary's chief care with regard to it had been to see that it was judiciously expended. But now there were six children, the eldest a confirmed invalid, dependent on her single, woman's arm for food, and clothing, and shelter. It was a gloomy prospect, and no wonder her heart sank before it. Lucy was ever her mother's confident and counselor, made mature beyond her years by a life of suffering. Her counsels were all singularly discreet, and her gentle, affectionate spirit made them doubly dear. Nothing of any importance was undertaken in all the house without first running to ask Lucy's advice. All may learn to be of use in the world and do their Master's will in the situation he has placed them, whether it is on a sick-bed year after year, or in the more active scenes of life.

The first Autumn rain was patting on the window-panes, and the little ones were snugly tucked away in bed, sleeping deeply as children do, when Lucy and her mother brightened anew the evening lamp for a still longer conference with regard to their future prospects.

"What will become of us, my daughter?" was the desponding cry of the mother's heart, as she laid her head on her clasped hands, for in the presence of this suffering angel alone did she dare show how weak she was.

"Mother," said Lucy, "I read such a dear little story in one of our papers, since this trouble came, and it has comforted me a great deal. A rough miner and a delicate little child were one day working by themselves in the coal-pit, when their light went out. They were out of hearing of all their companions, so there was nothing left but for them to wait till some one came that way, which might be a long time. Presently the child said, 'I will go for a light, I am not afraid. God will show me the way, Keene.' And before the miner knew what he was about he heard his little feet pattering along the dangerous road, as though it had been bright lamp-light. There were many pitfalls, sunken shafts, and long winding passages, which might lead him further than ever from the light, but God showed him the way, and he passed all the dangers without even a fall. The hard miner looked at the boy as if he had a charmed life when he came back to him with the light, for he did not have the same faith in God's care. When the little boy came to die, not a great while after, he

looked up brightly and said, 'I am not afraid, Keene, God will show me the way.' That same God is our Father, and will he not show us the way, mother, though our light has gone out? Only let us do what we can, and I am sure he will help us, and enable us to keep the children together; it would be so hard for us all to have them separated."

It was the first time Lucy had ever broached that painful subject, and the first time it had ever crossed the mother's mind as a possible chance even. It was like an electric shock to every nerve. See her precious lambs scattered among strangers! Her blue-eyed Nelly, her Edward and Fanny, away from a mother's folding arms! To think of their pining and crying for "mother to come" at nightfall, and going to rest with no good-night kiss and evening prayer! Ah, do not blame a poor mother for her reluctance "to part with her child for the child's good," till you have tried to realize yourself what the sacrifice must be.

"A friend wants to adopt my baby," said a poor woman to me a few days ago, "but O, I can not part with it now." She had been left a widow by a most distressing accident, and had a large family of little ones depending upon her, one a baby but three weeks old. "I do not know how I could live without it," she said. "It seems to me God sent it just to comfort me in this great trouble."

The mother and her counselor sat late into the night, planning and contriving various ways and means for keeping the little flock together. She was wholly aroused now, and a new energy might be seen in even the glance of her eye. If the one hundred dollars from Government came, Lucy advised laying it up in the savings bank, for a little while, at least, till they saw what they could do for themselves. It would lessen anxiety a great deal to know they had something to fall back on, in case of long sickness or any such emergency. The landlord would be more accommodating, and the world generally more obliging, if they had a little store of that kind in their possession. Lucy had observed enough of the world from her quiet corner to see it was very true, as Poor Richard states it,

"Now I have a sheep and a cow,
Every one bids me good-morrow."

"Mother, do you not think we had better rent a cheaper house? We could get one for fifty dollars a year, and the thirty dollars difference would be a great sum to us now."

It was a sad thought, indeed, that they must leave the dear roof that had sheltered them so

many years; not a room but had some piece of his handiwork about it, something that would add to the comfort and convenience of the dear ones at home; but the widow was becoming used to sacrifice. She had offered her best on her country's altar. Surely she could make lesser ones for the good of her own children.

"How I wish I was strong and well," sighed Lucy, "then I could help you! I am the oldest, yet I can do nothing."

"My daughter, what could I do without you," said her mother, kissing her pale cheek. "How could I ever keep the children so neatly and comfortably dressed without your busy needle? And who else would amuse little Nelly, when mother's hands are busy? And if you could not move a finger, my precious child, what could I do without your skillful planning, and your strong, encouraging words, when I am so weak and faithless? Yes, we will take your motto, Lucy, and work 'with our might what our hands find to do!' and I do not doubt but God will show us the way."

Daughter, who may read this, are you as great a comfort to your mother in all her cares and perplexities?

THE NEW HOME.

The family were settled in the new home as early as possible, so they might not be exposed more than needful to the cold weather. It seemed cozy and pleasant after all, with the familiar furniture around them, though the widow had parted with three or four of the handsomest articles, as their house was smaller, and they would not be especially needed. The money was of much more value to her now. Children are always fond of a change, and they were so well suited the widow could not find it in her heart to repine. The house was much out of repair, but Will was a carpenter's son, and used to tools from his childhood; so he set to work vigorously, to do every thing such a boy could, to remedy matters. The fence-palings were nailed up, and the rattling windows made snug, a new door-step made, and the tangled doorway raked up till things were greatly improved.

"You have smarted up things pretty fine," said the fat landlord, as he passed the place one morning, giving the boy an encouraging nod. "If you have a mind to work that bit of a garden in the Spring, William, I'll send a man to plow it."

William thanked him heartily, and said he should be very glad indeed.

"Tend up to the little things, my boy, that's the way to thrive. You'll never lose nothing by putting in a nail here and there.

'For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For want of a horse the rider was lost,
And all for want of a horseshoe-nail,'"

said the old gentleman half to himself as he trudged along with his stout cane. Will smiled at the quaint verses, but resolved to profit by the lesson conveyed in them. He was obliged to work early and late to accomplish so much, for they were all four in school during the day, the widow wisely feeling that school-days were precious to them now, especially to the older ones.

"The cow gives less and less milk every day, mother," said Will, as he came in from milking one night, "don't you think we had better sell her and put the money in Winter vegetables? They are plenty and cheap now, and I can bury them down deep in the garden, so they will keep as nice as can be. John Hill says his father puts down every thing they need of that kind in the Fall when they are cheap. They get a great deal higher before Spring."

What a sharpener of the faculties necessity is! William was early becoming a practical economist. After due deliberation the plan was voted an excellent one, and good old Debby found a ready market. The children bid her good-by, tearfully, but such sorrows make the heart tenderer and better. It shows a finer susceptibility in a man or boy to see him kind and affectionate to the dumb creatures about him. I would never trust, in the smallest matter, a boy I had seen cruel to an animal, and one who has witnessed such instances will always remember them, though the boy may grow to be a man of wealth and influence in society. That, however, is rarely the case, for the progress of such a course is almost surely downward *forever*.

It was a great relief to all when William had the Winter's vegetables, a good supply and variety, all snugly stored away, for then, come what would, they should never go hungry. It would be such an advantage if the poor would "lay by in store," in the season when they are cheapest, the common vegetables for every day use. They would cost much less and be always at hand. Then there would never come a day when the poor mother must say, "I have nothing in the house to set before my children." A dinner of potatoes and salt is much better than no dinner, and many of God's people have fared worse.

LOOKING FOR WORK.

Christmas time was near, but it bid fair to be a quiet Christmas to them all. No money could be spared to buy the accustomed presents, and the little ones would miss them sadly. Every

penny must be carefully weighed now, and every means taken to add to their scanty income. William spent some time every day after school in looking for employment. It was hard to see his mother working so hard at her sewing, which always gave her a pain in her side, in order to pay the dollar a week for rent, and obtain money to buy their flour, and fuel, and clothes, and groceries. He was almost fourteen, and longed to be doing something to help her. But it was only a country town where they lived, and the little business that had once been done was quite prostrated by the war. So, though he asked every body, from his Sabbath school teacher down to a man who was sawing wood by the roadside, the answer was the same every-where, they did not know of any one who wanted a boy. But he asked them so politely, and talked in such a straightforward, manly way, that people looked twice after him as he walked away, and wished they could do something for him. It is a good thing for a boy to leave a good impression on the minds of people, to have a good many people take an interest in him; and there is nothing like uprightness and politeness to win such regard. Depend upon it, if a number of people take an interest in a boy, and really feel that he is what he seems, there are a thousand "chances and changes" that will help him along to a good position. Even the humblest person may be the means of his greatest advancement. Above all, if he has real faith in Jesus Christ the Savior of sinners, he needs not yield to fear, for most surely "God will show him the way."

A situation offered at last. Two dollars a week he could earn to take home to his mother. But where? In the store of a liquor-dealer! Though all other business failed, that seemed more thriving than ever. Such a bright face, and quick step, and ready boy to "make change" would be worth three times that sum to Mr. Giles, the dealer, and then it would be a sort of satisfaction, such as the lost no doubt feel, to see Raymond's son in the business. His father always opposed it so much. How true Solomon's words, "His sleep is taken away except he cause some to fall!" What a temptation when they needed money so bad! But paternal prayers and teachings are never wasted. William said, "No, I thank you, sir," with his best bow, and ran away as fast as he could.

Tears were in a mother's eyes as she kissed his brow, and called him "father's own boy," and it was reward enough.

"Father would rather we should beg our bread than that, would n't he, mother?" said little Ruth.

"But after all, Lucy," said William, as he sat

by her side, while mother set on their suppers, "is n't it too bad it was not something I could do, when we need money so much?"

"Never mind, dear Will," she said, gently smoothing his brown curls, "it is always safe to do right, and never safe to do wrong. I am not a bit afraid but that God will show us the way, and give you a good place yet. Only persevere, and keep your eyes open, just as you have these past few weeks. Don't be afraid of any thing right that offers, if it is ever so humble. It may be a stepping-stone to something higher. The next work will be something you can do."

Meantime William studied hard at his books, for it was decided that as soon as he found employment he was to leave school for the present. Lucy, who was an excellent scholar, though for the most part self-taught, kept him company in his lessons, encouraging and assisting him as she did every one about her.

As William was walking toward the school-house the next morning he observed a gentleman on the sidewalk holding his horse, and evidently about to drive away.

"I am sorry, Jane," he said, to a woman in the door, "that I did n't know you needed wood before. Can't you get some one to saw a little, enough to last till I get back? I am in a great hurry."

"Could I do it for you, sir?" asked William, eagerly.

"Well, I guess you can, if you have a mind to, William. You know how to work if you take after your father. Here is a dime; you saw about what you think that is worth, and I'll be off."

With a good will did the boy set to work, and kept on faithfully till near dinner-time. The housewife had forgotten him, and made many apologies for not stopping him before. "Come in now, and take your dinner before you go home. I dare say you are hungry enough after such a day's work. You have cut and split it very nice and even."

William sat down with a good appetite to a bountiful dinner, and when he went home it was with a fine basket of rosy apples on his arm, a present for the children.

There was great rejoicing over Will's first earnings, small though they were; and the little ones made many exclamations of delight over the fruit, which to them was an unaccustomed luxury.

"It is a great thing to make a beginning, Will," said Lucy, her gentle eyes showing how pleased she was. "You may be sure something else will follow; only keep your eyes open, just

as you did to-day. God will surely show you the way, if you trust him. He orders all such little events as this, just as much as he does the course of the sun."

"STRIVE AND THRIVE."

"You did a pretty good job at my wood-pile yesterday," said Mr. Simmons, the next day, as he met the boy. "If you like, you may finish the cord, when you have time, and I will pay you a dollar."

"Thank you, sir," said William, heartily; and in three minutes' time his jacket was off, and he hard at work. A whole dollar! That would pay the week's rent, and give his mother such a good rest."

"That's a smart chap," said Mr. Simmons to the gentleman who was walking down the street with him; "I wish I could see him in a good place. He is widow Raymond's son. His father was killed at Rich Mountain, you remember."

"I have been looking for a good, trusty boy this long time, but can not find one to suit. I have tried two, and have about given up. I am away from home so much, I want one that is reliable. I think you have a desperate-looking set of boys growing up in this town."

"All owing to that liquor-store, yonder. Will Raymond was offered a situation there; but, no, sir—he just said, 'No, I thank you,' and ran off as fast as he could. That's what I call good pluck in a poor boy who has his way to make, and is dreadful anxious to get a situation, so he can help his mother."

"How old is the boy?"

"A dozen or more, I should think."

"I guess I will turn back and talk with the lad," said the gentleman. So he walked slowly along, and stood by the garden fence awhile, and watched William as he worked away with a hearty, cheerful earnestness, rapidly lowering the pile before him. Even wood-sawing, homely, mechanical employment as it is, can display character. The gentleman liked the boy's appearance, and his good opinion was not lessened by conversation with him.

The result was, that a good situation was obtained, only a mile out of town, so he could often run home to see his mother after his day's work was done. He obtained his board and a very fair compensation besides. So it was considered by all a most excellent piece of fortune; and it was with an overflowing heart that the widow acknowledged the good hand of God, as they kneeled that night around the family altar.

It was holiday-week, and William was allowed to spend Christmas eve and Christmas day at

home. His industry and ready, obliging manner had, in a single fortnight, made an excellent impression on those who employed him. The lady of the house, a generous-hearted, motherly woman, had made many inquiries about his mother and the little ones at home. So, when he was ready to start, she set out a large covered basket, and asked him if he thought he could take that on the little sled he had been making for Eddie.

"A few little Christmas notions for the children," she said. The boy's bright eyes looked the thanks he did not know how to speak; and good Mrs. Ely well understood it all, as she bade him a smiling good-night. It was a happy walk homeward, despite the frosty air. The snow and the moonlight made it almost as light as day, and William turned out very good naturedly into the deep banks to make way for the merry sleigh-riders. He was in a mood to be very well pleased with every thing—for had he not two bright dollars in silver to take home to his mother, and a big basket of treasures for the children? How he wished he knew what was in the basket! I am not sure but he took a sly peep as he went along.

He stole around very quietly to the back porch, and deposited his sled and basket, and then came up the front way as usual. There was a merry time among the children when brother Will's bright face appeared among them, and it was made known that he could spend the next day at home.

"O, I am so glad!" said little Fanny. "Now you can have some of our plum-pudding for dinner. We are going to have one with big raisins in it."

"And some of our nice Christmas cake and raspberry jam for supper," said Eddie. "Aren't you glad you came home, Will?"

"Indeed I am," said the brother, putting an arm around each and drawing them very close to him.

Nine o'clock came, and the little folks pattered off to bed, each hanging a little red stocking below the mantle with quite a serious air. When they were all safe up stairs, Will ventured to bring in his basket and sled.

"What have you there?" asked Lucy.

"Something Mrs. Ely sent to the children," said William; "I do not know yet myself; but we will soon find out."

The little group gathered around the basket, and the first thing revealed was a fine young turkey. "How kind of her!" said the widow. "Now my poor children can have a rare Christmas dinner, indeed."

"I've fed that fellow ever so many times," said Will; "but I never suspected it was for my

mother. Here are some nice green-house grapes. We cut those yesterday. Let us put a cluster in the tops of the children's stockings. Here is a box full of soldiers for Eddie. Those used to be Winnie Ely's, I suppose, but he has outgrown such things long ago. Here's a trumpet and a China baby, with a lot of fixings. I suppose Fanny will understand all about them. Here are two little blue and gilt cups. How pleased the children will be!"

"What a nice needle-case," said Lucy, "all stocked with needles of every size and different shades of silk; and here is a thimble and pair of scissors. That ought to be Ruth's, mother, she is such an orderly child, and sews so nicely."

"That's for Nelly, mother," said Will, as he held upon his hands a pretty soft worsted cap, with a rosy border. "Now that does beat every thing," and the tears fairly came in his eyes, and they were not the only tears shed, as hearts overflowed with gratitude to the giver of these simple presents, selected with but a trifling trouble and no self-sacrifice from her ample stores. O, how many hearts might be made joyful by just such little kindnesses which cost the donors nothing but a little thought or a few moments' labor!"

"I'll fix a box on the sled, and then Nelly can have a little ride every morning. How she will love it," said Will, glancing over to the cradle. "That book must be for you, Lucy. What a nice little overcoat—pockets in it too! Won't Eddie be proud of that?" "And so the wonder grew" down to the bottom of the basket, where a dainty pair of baby gaiters and some little fleecy, white socks completed their delight.

A very happy Christmas day it was, though the poor mother buried many a sigh in her bosom, as the thoughts of by-gone days came to her heart, but for her children's sake she spoke only in cheerful tones and with an ever-ready smile at their unbounded enjoyment.

Before the Spring-time waned Lucy had daily around her a class of little scholars, who had formerly attended the select school, but now it was discontinued on account of the hard times. It was indeed a great help to them, and her popularity became so great among the little folks, and they advanced so well in their studies, that the second term found the little sitting-room quite well filled with pupils.

Her mother, too, found her hands abundantly filled with work more profitable than plain sewing. She had once learned the dress-making business, and now turned her knowledge to good account. How much privation and suffering

might be saved if parents would only make a point of seeing their daughters, as well as their sons, qualified to support themselves in any emergency in life!

No sooner was Mrs. Raymond's reputation as a neat fitter and remarkably-economical cutter once established, than she had more calls upon her skill than she could possibly find time to attend upon. Robust, energetic little Ruth was a skillful assistant, and could run up the skirt of a dress and set on the facings as neatly as mother herself. William kept his place, and grew in favor with all who knew him. His wages were advanced, and he bid fair to become a thrifty, industrious farmer, a profession he preferred above every other. Eddie must be the scholar-boy. There was a nice little farm in the neighborhood he hoped to rent in a few more years, and one day he looked forward to owning it. This hope made him frugal in his expenditures, and now his mother had bid him use his money for himself, that she had an abundance for them all, he managed to lay aside something every month to add to the little stock in the savings bank.

In all their prosperity they did not forget whose hand it was that had guided them through the darkened way, and they were ever glad to stretch out a helping hand to those in trouble, and speak words of cheer to the sorrowing and desponding.

And so God will surely guide by "the right way" every sorrowing heart in our land if they will only trust him with a firm, unwavering faith, and "do with their might" the daily duties he opens up before them.

DEEP IMPRESSIONS, THEIR POWER.

THE deepest impressions are often the most quiet. When a person is a little excited, he is agitated, noisy, talkative, perhaps quarrelsome; but when some deep blow has struck the human heart its very silence is awful. A little light piece of wood thrown upon a still lake ruffles the water and makes a splash when it strikes it; but the leaden plummet dropped into the water sinks to its depths without the least noise. A very little misfortune wakens up people to trouble, to excitement; but a deep and great impression sinks into the heart; and man in stillness and in silence thinks, and feels, and walks alone. There is a grief that finds vent in tears, the grief that is on the surface; there is a grief the bitterest of all, too deep for tears. It is therefore possible that there may be deep feeling, and yet no excitement.

TALKING AND TALKERS.

BY REV. VOLNEY M. SIMONS.

FIRST PAPER.

"Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use."

COWPER.

IT were a task worthy the philosopher to define, investigate, and apply the several principles and qualities, natural and acquired, that go to make up the easy and graceful talker. That a brilliant intellect is not enough, Descartes, La Fontaine, Marmontel, Buffon, Corneille, Goldsmith, Milton, Dryden, and a host of others equally eminent, give abundant proof.

A large development of language has been conceived to be the measure of one's ability to talk. This would be true, were talking merely the utterance of words, without reference to propriety, sense, or effect. But it is much more than this. It is rather the translation of ideas into words in a proper and logical form; and it is usually done *extempore*.

Though the end to which we talk has much to do in determining the character of what we say, on the principle that "the altar sanctifieth" the gift, yet it is not enough that the end be a good one; we must talk to it in the right way.

The master of Æsop—Xanthus—desiring one day to entertain some friends, sent him to market, expressly enjoining upon him to purchase "the best of every thing." He returned with nothing but tongues, which he ordered served with the usual variety of sauces. The hour for dinner having arrived, conceive of Xanthus's mortification to find that the various courses for his table consisted of tongues—*nothing but tongues*. Enraged, he summoned Æsop into his presence, and demanded of him to know what such disobedience of his orders meant, and what he could say in justification of his conduct. Æsop claimed to have obeyed in furnishing the best of every thing; for, said he, "is there any thing better than a tongue?" And then he went on to claim for the tongue all sorts of excellences—of society, of eloquence, of the administration of government, and of the adoration of the gods. Perceiving the difficulty of answering Æsop, and, half admiring the keenness of his wit, Xanthus thought to catch him by a contrary order, to purchase the worst of every thing, as he was to have the same company to dine with him on the morrow. The morrow came, and with it the hour of dinner. Imagine Xanthus's surprise to find his table again spread with dishes of

tongue—*nothing but tongue*. Again demanding of Æsop an explanation of his strange conduct, he set up the old claim to obedience, to substantiate which he expatiated on the evils of the tongue, declaring it to be the worst thing in the world—the instrument of all strife and contention, the fomentor of lawsuits, the source of division and wars, the organ of error, lies, calumny, and blasphemy.

This conduct of Æsop has a self-evident moral, to the effect that the tongue is good or bad, according to the use made of it.

Cicero observes of Cyrus, that, during the entire period of his public life, he was never known to speak one rough or angry word—*cujus summo in imperio nemo unquam verbum ullum asperius audivit*. What higher encomium was ever pronounced upon a public magistrate? It seems to me that the vocabulary of our modern conversation is so vitiated, that but little of its original good remains. From "Young America" up through all the various grades of older America, you hear the President of these United States vulgarized as "The Rail-Splitter," or "Old Abe," or "Honest Old Abe," the difference being only the ascription of a *moral* virtue. And yet did this nomenclature carry with it the ascription of *all conceivable virtue* it would not make it any the less improper. It would yet be a violation of that Divine law which enjoins upon us not to "speak evil of dignitaries;" and especially "of the ruler of thy people." In our dialect toward those "in authority" we are the most profane nation on earth, that pretends to any civilization and Christian refinement.

It not unfrequently happens that we meet with a class of facetious talkers, who have the meanness to monopolize the conversation of any company into which they may have been thrown, evidently indulging themselves in the pleasant conceit that all must of course be edified by their quips and jokes. It is then that one feels as though he were a thunder-storm, and nothing but his merciful kindness preventing him from scathing these graceless intruders with the lightnings and thunderbolts of his indignation.

If it be asked, what is facetious talk, I answer as did Democritus, to him who asked the definition of a man, "*It is that which we all see and know*." I can give no other or better definition. And I conceive this to be sufficient and proper, because its correctness stands self-justified to our judgment, by our observation and experience. Facetious talk is such a multiform and versatile thing, as to be very difficult of definition. Taking advantage of the wild creations of fancy, or the inspirations of genius, or the labyrinthian windings of human language, it

adroitly conceals itself in a confusion of honeyed words, or by the oracular display of astute nonsense. You feel its bewitching presence, but know not how to realize it to your own mind, or to the understanding of others. As well make a portrait of Proteus, or sail on the circumference of the ambient air. It is impossible to settle into any well-assured conviction of what it is.

It will be seen, therefore, that the character of the uniformly-facetious talker, in the sense here supposed, is made up largely of the lower and uninformative elements of conversation. It must be, then, that the high end of edification in knowledge in talking is mostly lost sight of by him, in his ambition to please, by witty resemblances, or to electrify by bewildering flashes of imagination; all having in view, however, the gratification of his own vanity, as a supreme consideration. Whatever he says is said in such a self-complacent way, as to betray the conviction that he thinks himself to be "one of the Browns." If he were blessed with even an ordinary discernment he might see his shame speaking forth in the indignant looks of all around.

Tertullian was wont to characterize some of the old philosophers, as *animalia gloriæ*—*animals of glory*—mere fire-flies; and some Greek poet yet more satirically called them *bladders of vanity*. The description might be justly transferred to the characters in question, for none more fully realize it, or more richly deserve it.

There is, however, another kind of facetious talking that is not so bad; being elevated somewhat above the low and vulgar type already described, and, withal, justified by the modification of circumstances. When it becomes the vehicle for expressing contempt or reproof, when it is employed in a sober way to relieve the mind and recreate it for some fresh task, or when its withering force is turned like a volleyed artillery discharge against those persistent apostles of error and wrong, that can be silenced by no reason or reasoning, in which case it becomes the language of irony, satire, or ridicule, it is highly proper, and the objections that would otherwise stand against it are removed. Thus, many of the old heroes of Methodism defended "the faith" with great glory and success, where argument would have proved futile. Thus Elijah ridiculed the maddened prophets of Baal, and angered them the more, and thus our Savior struck conviction to the hearts of the supercilious objectors to his doctrine.

Whatever ministers harmless diversion to the mind, exhausted by severe taxation, tends to recommend even godliness. For Christianity is not so tetral and sanctimonious as to exclude

its votaries from the indulgence of such pleasures as are innocent and wholesome. And, if an occasional hour spent in lighter conversation, in the family or among outside friends, may in any way serve to raise our drooping spirits, allay irksome care, or invigorate us for some more solid industry, I know of no principle, either of reason or religion, that lies against it.

If an hour spent in this way may serve to rest the mind, to sweeten conversation, or to endear friendship, who dares to say that the truest philosophy and the purest religion do not unite to give it their approval? Why may we not recreate in the matter of conversation as well as in that which is more material and sensuous? Why is not the excitement of wit, and fancy, and social pleasantry as every way justifiable as those more masculine indulgences that exercise our grosser faculties? What is there in the nature of Christianity, what is there in the nature of Christian profession, that one should go with his brow ever knit with a shade of sorrow, as though going to a funeral? We are losing half the joy of life by this misconception. We are imbittering the streams of social pleasure, that would otherwise be sweet and crystalline, by this acrimonious sediment of asceticism. By burdening our conversation with so much subtle philosophy, or crude metaphysics, we make it any thing but "*sacrificing to the graces*," as the ancients were pleased to call it.

I need not say that an *affected* way of talking should be avoided. No more certain sign could be given of a demoralized taste and judgment—I had almost said *conscience*.

If we were to spend less of our time in our studies poring over ponderous volumes of literature, and more of it in society, it would be better for all concerned. This ceaseless *filling up* the mind does not educate it. The educating process is rather the *drawing-out* process. *Using*, not *accumulating*, is the law of growth. Accumulation is the product of use. Activity is the law and measure of strength and development. Exercise is the condition of self-reliance. In proportion as we draw out and apply we make ourselves *felt forces* in society. The old bird might lecture her newly-fledged young upon the science of aerology till they should know to perfection the theory of every movement; but they would only become *proficients*, as they should go forth to navigate the boundless ether. Just so this filling-up process, this cramming the mind will not make it strong, either to think or speak. It may, however, induce mental dyspepsia. It is Swift who says: "Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company;

and here are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not even *tolerable*."

Many a man is eagle-powered—capable of soaring into the high empyrean of thought—with a mind that dazzles like the brilliancy of the diamond, who never shines in society, because he has never broken the seal of silence that a natural timidity or a life-habit of reserve has set upon his lips. With a mind enriched with the treasures of wisdom and knowledge gathered from all climes and sources, he is yet as dull in society as an idiot, and the *thought* of it gives him the nightmare. What we want is to get out and mingle more freely and frequently with others; and by conference and contradiction sharpen ourselves, "as iron sharpeneth iron." Somehow we are the victims of a foolish tenderness about this clash of opinion, as though we feared that a strong and manly familiarity in conversation would engender hatred and alienation. I should hope not. It is a poor recommendation to our Christian candor, that it can not brook a vigorous contradiction. A conversation that treads with velvet step along the mazes of a measured circumlocution; that is ever studying how to steer between Scylla and Charybdis; that is so effeminate that it dare never speak out its sentiments in a manly way—lacks the virtues of vigor and energy that a little more spunkiness would give it—and in so much lacks force, interest, and effect. What boots it, though my friend call me a fool, and handle me roughly, does it become me to get irritated under his biting and scratching? Not at all. It would be a disgrace to my Christianity. Any thing is preferable to honeyed words of flattery, or unopinionated neutrality.

There are some who seem to be gifted by nature with more than ordinary powers of conversation, and who excel in it just as some men excel in husbandry, trade, mathematics, or mechanics. They have a natural way of coming at any subject in hand, and great powers of felicitous expression. Grace seems to have been poured into their mouths, and their words distill like the dews and sparkle like diamonds. I know of no other principle upon which to account for the excellence of many of the finest writings of antiquity that are of a conversational character. And there are some of more modern date that recommend themselves to us as fine specimens. Take Lord Shaftsbury's dialogue entitled "The Moralist," or Addison's "Ancient Caius," or Spence's "Conversations on the Odyssey," or some of the many colloquies that relieve our

modern literature of its otherwise tedious abstraction.

Generally, however, the ready conversationalist belongs to an intermediate class of mind, though history furnishes us with such illustrious exceptions as Burns, Scott, Coleridge, and others of a later period. And the same is true of our American *litterateurs*. However, great minds are often mountainous. They awe you like mountains with their grandeur and loftiness, but they never flow down at your presence, except as they are fused by the heat of some volcanic inspiration that comes upon them like a divine baptism. Such minds need to be socialized. As they are, they tend strongly to the ruin of self-centralization. Their attractions are almost exclusively centripetal—*tending to the center*—without any disposition to throw off. They need the equipoise of society's *drawing-out power*. They need to go out into society every day in order to centrifugalize themselves. For want of this, the world has been desolated with systems of error, which have their origin in minds that were seldom brought into contact with other living minds. The authors of these systems were ever working *inward*, and never outward. These authors never presented the principles upon which their systems are founded to be discussed, either in public or private life, ere they gave them to the world. Hence, they went forth deformed with the vulgar monstrosities of monastic abstraction—the *fungus* growths of minds diseased in the process of education—diseased for the want of the atmosphere of society, just as the plant develops a sickly growth when kept from the air and light. Air and light are to the plant what society is to the mind. If, therefore, we would have our minds healthy and productive, and their productions sound and beautiful, let us ventilate them frequently and thoroughly in the atmosphere of society.

GUILT NOT DISTRIBUTED.

MEN come to think that the guilt of sins committed in concert is distributed; and that if there be a thousand men banded and handed together in wickedness, each shall have but the one-thousandth part of guilt. If a firm succeeds, the gain is distributed to each partner. But if it fails, each one may be held for the whole loss. Whoever commits a sin will bear the sin, whether alone or with a thousand. Whoever commits or connives at a public sin, will bear the blame, as if he alone did it. Public guilt always has private indorsement, and each man is liable for the whole note.

VOICES FROM NATURE.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

THE PERIOD OF THE COAL.

X.

AN UNDERGROUND EXCURSION.

FOUR hundred feet beneath the foundations of the city, with its piles of brick, and marble, and iron—beneath the roots of the oaken forest and its Dodonean colonnades—beneath the bed of the flowing river and its freight of animated hulls—down four hundred feet beneath the light of the nineteenth century, guided only by the glimmer of the oil lamp suspended from his smutty cap, the miner works the coal which blazes in the cheerful grate, or wakes the slumbering energy which drives the monster steamer on the stormy wave. Let us enter the yawning avenue to this subterranean world.

Armed each with a miner's lamp, and clad in a miner's garb, borrowed for the occasion, we step upon a platform, or "cage," six feet square, suspended by iron rods, connected with machinery moved by an engine, and, at the word, begin to sink into the gulf of blackness beneath us. This perpendicular hole, perhaps eight feet square, is called the "shaft." By the light of the outer world thrown into the mouth of the chasm, we perceive that the shaft passes at first through a few feet of sand and gravel. Lower down the darkness of the pit enshrouds us, but we learn by the gleam of the lamps that we are passing through fifty feet of coal-black shales, which, like the sandy beds above, are held in their places by a frame of planks. We next find ourselves in the middle of an aperture through a bed of limestone, perhaps twenty-five feet thick. The walls are studded with the shells of molluscs, which lived and enjoyed existence when this limestone was the ocean's bed, and the light of day shone down upon their quiet abodes as now it shines upon the busy builders of the coral reef. The light of day!—but a day of God's eternity which dawned upon our planet before Jehovah had said, "Let us make man in our image." Rapidly through the belt of limestone our little car descends, and we next find ourselves environed by a wall of sandstone. Here and there are streaks and patches of dark carbonaceous material, and occasionally the eye catches glimpses of woody stems imbedded in the solid rock. But, hark! a sound of water rises from the darkness beneath. A subterranean stream has been intercepted, and a little rill is trickling down the massive wall-side. Again in the midst of black, bituminous shales; and now we hang suspended opposite an opening in the stony wall. One hundred feet

above our heads the light of heaven is still visible, and three hundred feet below are darkness and emptiness. On the right and the left are entrances to chambers which have been excavated in a seam of coal occurring at this level. But the end of our journey is not here. Continuing to descend, we perceive the bed of coal underlaid by clay, with abundant grass-like shoots and occasional stems of vegetation. In turn we pass shales and sandstones, and then seams of coal, till, at the depth of two hundred feet beneath the surface, we hang before another portal to a long, dark avenue excavated in a deeper-seated bed of coal. In some of the dark and dusty chambers of the labyrinth which opens here the miner's pick is heard resounding, and now and then the muffled report of the miner's blast comes echoing through the vaulted aisles. But this is not the station where we intended to stop. Our car moves on, and we plunge through two hundred feet more of the rocky rind of the earth. Above us, the mouth of the shaft seems narrowed by perspective into an insignificant hole; before us opens a dark street, over which, on a tramway, mules are hauling car-loads of coal, which is starting on its journey to the populous city. Miners with their picks are moving to and fro, the sound of hammers is heard, the paraphernalia of busy life are about us, and we seem translated to the nether world. We feel like the hero of Latin song, who got permission to visit the realm of Pluto and make the acquaintance of unborn spirits, destined to dawn upon the world in the coming golden age. Where is the Styx and its sleepy boatman? Where are the shades that expectation thinks to see flitting before us? Let us enter this dingy street, and conjure spirits from their Lethæan sleep upon the coally couches that line the passage way.

The seam of coal is a broad, horizontal sheet or bed, from three to five feet thick. In this are excavated passages about eight feet wide, and about five feet high. A main "gangway" may be half a mile or a mile in length. From this, at suitable intervals, lateral passages or "chambers" are quarried out, running nearly at right angles with the main gangway. The same bed of coal may be pierced by several gangways, from each of which extend the lateral chambers, which often intersect each other, and thus constitute a net-work of passages like the streets of a city. Along the principal passages tramrails are laid for the transportation of the coal in trams, or little cars, from the remote portions of the mine to the shaft. Each miner employs a separate tram, and receives a stipulated amount per tun for the coal sent up by him. The trams

are moved over the track by mules, which often spend their lives underground. They are stalled and fed in side rooms, excavated in the coal and superincumbent rocks. The requisite circulation of pure air is maintained throughout the mine by the consumption of refuse coal at some suitable place, the smoke and heated air from which ascend through a separate shaft. The escape of heated air through this shaft causes a descent of external air through the main shaft to take its place. The communication between the two shafts takes place only through the remote portions of the mine, so that the pure air is made to permeate all the passages. Still there must always be side rooms through which no circulation can be effected; and here not unfrequently collects that explosive "fire-damp," or light carbide of hydrogen, so often evolved spontaneously from the coal, and so often the cause of fatal accidents to the miners. When the seam of coal is less than five feet thick, it becomes necessary to remove some of the superincumbent rock to render the roofs of the passages sufficiently high for the mules to travel under them.

Thus entire square miles of a coal seam, hundreds of feet beneath the surface, are perforated in all directions by the hand of the miner, as ship-timber is riddled by the depredations of the *teredo*.

By the feeble light of our miner's lamp, we enter one of these dusky aisles. The substratum beneath our feet has been ground to dust. The whole thickness of the coal seam is exposed along the lateral walls; occasionally presents gentle undulations instead of lying in a rigidly plane position; and not unfrequently a huge bulge of the underlying rocks completely cuts off the seam. Overhead, a black, bituminous shale forms the ceiling. Perhaps, here and there, the white shell of a univalve, or a bivalve, projects from the surface—the products of the sea buried in their native sediments, and suspended above our heads. What a change in the condition of things since those little animals lived in the shallow surface waters in which those sediments accumulated! Lo! here above us is a mirror surface, gleaming in the light reflected from our lamps. Its polish is like that of jet, and yet it is wrought upon the face of the solid rock. Some slight movement of the earth's crust has cracked the shale roof, the opposite sides of the fissure have been moved to and fro over each other, and under the mighty pressure the opposing faces have been beautifully polished.

But probably different sights will greet our eyes. The rocky ceiling is ornamented everywhere by the most exquisite tracery, inimitable

representations of the delicate fronds of ferns. We remove a scale, and behind is still another picture. Remove a second, and from the dark black rock gleams forth another form of grace and beauty. The whole mass of the shaly roof is a portfolio of most inimitable sketches. The sharpest outlines and minutest serratures of the leaves are clearly traced. The very nerves, with their characteristic bifurcations, are accurately depicted on this wonderful lithograph. Petioles, and buds, and woody stems, and cones, and fruits, slender grass leaves, striated rushes, the fluted stems of gigantic club-mosses, the scarred and pitted trunks of extinct tree-ferns, diversify by turns the crayon sketchings of the dusky ceiling. Prostrate all! They have stood erect, the soil has held them by their spreading roots, the genial sunlight has warmed them, the vital breeze has fanned their verdant foliage—change, which transforms all things, has swept over them, and graceful fern and giant club-moss, slender reed and arrogant conifer have laid down together in their couch of sediment, and the old sexton, Time, has piled upon them the accumulated ashes of a hundred succeeding generations of trees, and herbs, and perished populations. What a storehouse of suggestions is here! The dusty catacombs are less eloquent in their inscriptions; the vaults of the pyramids recite a history less full of meaning. To the soul that holds communion with the invisible ideas that dwell about him, these rocky walls are vocal with narratives of earthquake and flood, of nodding verdure and of desolating surge; these shales are the tombstones of generations, on which are inscribed chronologies whose minutes are the cycles of the Hindoo. Here is the populous abode of world-ideas. Through these dim avenues flit specters of the ancient thoughts which were once the acting energies of our planet. Here is the real Acherontian realm. He who has descended to these subterranean halls, and held converse with the forms which here abide, has visited a world and communed with intelligences of which Anchisiades had only dreamed.

Shall we venture to translate the histories recorded upon these rocky leaves? What were the scenes and events of that epoch of the world when these buried vegetable forms were living, growing organisms, and nature was storing away for the human race these magazines of fuel?

XI.

THE SCENERY OF THE COAL PERIOD.

It was in the middle ages of the history of the world. The growing continents had lifted their brows above the surface of the all-em-

bracing sea, but their spreading plains and long-extended shores were still the empire of the gar-pikes and the nursery of illimitable beds of encrinites and polyps. The Gulf of Mexico jutted northward to Middle Iowa and rolled its widening waters north-west far toward the sources of the Missouri River. The shore-line of the Atlantic stretched from Connecticut through Southern New York and Northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to the valley of the future Mississippi. All the center of Michigan was a sea-bottom, and not unlikely a gulf projected northward over the peninsula now inclosed by the great lakes. Hudson's Bay stretched far toward the site of Lake Superior, and the Arctic Sea pushed down from the North to fall into the warm embrace of the waters of the Mexican Gulf. The great lakes were not, nor the mighty Mississippi, nor the thunder-voiced Niagara. The youthful continent was yet unclothed with soil. The skeleton rocks protruded every-where in bleak, inhospitable exposures. Occasionally in a low valley was gathered a cluster of dwarfish trees, nourished by the crude aliment of a hastily-compounded soil. Beast, and bird, and insect were yet slumbering in the chambers of the future—ideas reserved in the all-producing mind of Omniscience. Food for them there was none. The atmosphere was a noxious poison, charged with all the carbon which now exists in the form of modern vegetation and beds of mineral coal. Denizens of the sea had for ages strewn its bottom with the ruins of their workmanship—mountains of coral masonry had been reared by the little polyp architect, but in all the murky air which floated over land and sea was not one motion of an animated being—not a voice—no song of bird or hum of insect's wing to break the dread eternal silence. The surges broke upon the beach, the tempest gathered in the thickening air, but no beast hurried to the sheltering cave; the storm burst upon the bald and desolate cliff, but no fluttering wing sought protection from its fury.

The period had now arrived, however, when this verdureless and voiceless scene was to be clothed and animated. Now was perhaps the most important epoch in the whole physical history of our planet. The forces of nature were now to be called to their grandest exercise. The laws of chemistry were summoned to an operation miraculously beneficent and providential. Organic force now girded itself for the production of new and higher forms of animalization, and for the display of the earliest and richest exuberance of the vegetable kingdom.

The series of animate existences began with the polyp and brochiopod, and had been carried

through long progressive stages to the highest types which make their home in the water.

Man, the far-off consummation of all these improvements, was to be a vastly-superior being; but the next step in the direction of this consummation must be the introduction of an air-breathing animal. In the existing condition of the world no air-breathing animal could survive; and Nature was called upon to solve the problem of the elimination of the noxious gas, which unfitted the atmosphere for respiration. Till this was done the progressive series of animal forms must here be arrested, and the last term of the series, man, toward which all the steps of previous preparation had converged, must remain a distant and unattainable hope, and Nature fail of her completeness and her crown.

The development history of the American continent had been conducted through a succession of vertical oscillations, extending eastward to the still subaqueous ridges of the Appalachians, and westward to the corresponding nascent ridges of the Pacific slope. The valleys of the two great oceans had been continually deepening beneath the pressure of the superincumbent masses of waters, and as a consequence the intervening continental space had suffered a corresponding vertical uplift; so that the waters had been poured off from the site of the future continent and a mere shallow lagoon occupied the present area of the Middle and Southern States and territories. The oscillations of the submarine soil down to the dawn of the period now under consideration—sometimes increasing and sometimes diminishing the depth of the waters—left it at last but little sunken beneath the general surface of the sea.

Now a state of more than usual uneasiness began to manifest itself. The ocean bed heaved and sank. Surges mountain high rolled up the sterile strand, and, wasted with their own violence, fell back upon their ocean couch. This of course was not the period for an abundance of animal life. But if the usual fecundity of nature was for a time suspended on our continent some other continent may have been the theater of its display. In America the crumbling margins of the sea were worked up into cubic miles of sand and pebbles and transported to embankments sometimes thousands of feet in thickness. The tombs of the *Cephalaspis*, *Pterichthys*, *Coccosteus*, and *Holoptychius* were buried immemorable depths beneath the rubbish of a geological revolution. These were the accumulations of the "millstone grit." Anon the violence of nature suffered a pause, and finer sediments only were transported over the areas previously strewn with sand and pebbles. Many alternations of

finer and coarser deposits thus succeed each other among the lower beds reposing immediately beneath the coal.

In the course of ages the shallow sea became a marsh. Now that a foothold for terrestrial vegetation was established, the all-adaptive hand of Nature planted the soil with many kinds of herbs and trees. Simultaneously on every side innumerable germs spring up from the new-made sediments, vegetation in varied types and family alliances starts forth at the fiat of creative energy, and the world is dressed in a garment of shining verdure. No provident hand had strewn the soil with the seed of these multitudinous species. The All-commanding had summoned the tribes of plants from the shadowy realm of ideas, and they stood forth in multitudinous array clad in the newest and brightest garments of Nature's exhaustless wardrobe—mute, unconscious existences—but yet with life and organs—beginning from the moment of their appearance to play upon the elements which Omniscience had provided for their elaboration. How carefully was the soil prepared to encourage the luxuriant growth and wide dissemination of these beautiful creatures! Lifted above the level of the sea, it maintained the humid condition most congenial to the nature of the most luxuriant growers. The internal heat of the earth, however, at this early period, warmed the surface to a tropical temperature, and stimulated the roots of the new-born vegetation; while from the tepid waters the atmosphere was reeking with moisture and ever and anon dispensing its vernal showers upon the green carpeted savanna. But more than all, the food most grateful to the growing plant was that abundant carbonic acid, whose presence in the atmosphere was the fatal bar to the introduction of terrestrial animals.

This scene of verdure was destined to short duration. One of the ever-recurring oscillations of the earth's crust sank the entire flora beneath the ocean's level. Pebbles, and sand, and argillaceous mud were strewn over the layer of prostrate vegetation, and the sea again held undisputed sway over states once rescued from its dominion.

Again the established order of nature brought these latest sediments to the surface; and again, as if by magic, the fairy forms of a flowerless vegetation start up from the germless sands. Generations of these new forms luxuriate in the humid vales of another epoch—fix in their woody tissues another portion of the superabundant plant food of the atmosphere, and then fall down to mingle with the peaty accumulations of the period.

Anon another inundation devastates the scene,

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and sands and clays are borne by the rushing tides, and the dense growth of the recent jungle again disappear beneath another packing of silt and shingle, as a field of marsh-grass is buried beneath the sand borne forward by the Summer overflow of a great river. Thus perhaps a hundred times in the course of ages the vegetable growths of one epoch were entombed beneath the *debris* of a more violent one. Occasionally the inundating waters assumed the quiet habit of a deep and permanent sea. Then, that no adaptation of inorganic nature might be wanting in the answering aptitudes of the organic world, myriads of marine creatures swarmed and lived and died upon the grounds that had often aforetime been the seat of terrestrial vegetation. Thus perhaps a bed of calcareous sediments—destined to become a limestone—was interpolated among the couches of sand and shale and vegetable matter.

The theater of these changing scenes was the whole of that area now covered by the coal-measures of the country, as well as large portions of the intervening regions. From the latter spaces the deposits of carbonaceous matter have been removed by the wasting agencies which have swept over the country in later periods.

The duration of these vicissitudes was inconceivably great. The amount of vegetable matter in a single coal-seam six inches thick is greater than the most luxuriant vegetation of the present day would furnish in twelve hundred years. Boussingault calculates that luxuriant vegetation at the present day takes from the atmosphere about half a tun of carbon per acre annually, or fifty tuns per acre in a century. Fifty tuns of stone-coal spread evenly over an acre of surface would make a layer of less than one-third of an inch. But suppose it to be half an inch, then the time required for the accumulation of a seam of coal three feet thick—the thinnest which can be worked to advantage—would be seven thousand two hundred years. If the aggregate thickness of all the seams of coal in any basin amounts to one hundred and fifty feet, the time required for its accumulation would be three hundred and sixty thousand years. Add to this the amount of time consumed in the intervals between the periods of vegetation, when many hundreds of feet of shale and limestone were forming, and we must at least double the above figures. It is not forgotten that allowance must be made for the extraordinary luxuriance of carboniferous vegetation; and we offset this consideration by the fact that large quantities of the carbon taken by it from the atmosphere

must have been returned again by the partial decay and destruction of the tissues, thus rendering them so difficult to detect in the substance of the coal. Other calculations based upon the assumption that the coal-measures are accumulated at the mouths of rivers, result in the determination of a length of period equally enormous. But the whole history of our world, since the commencement of animal existence, is divided into over thirty periods, each corresponding to that of the coal, and that portion of its history anterior to the creation of animals was at least equally protracted!

The vegetation of this period was comparatively low in rank. It was almost exclusively a flowerless vegetation. But the somber aspect of the prairie and the forest comported well with the absence of admiring intelligences, and the low grade and character of the few beings which basked in the sun or bathed in the waters of the carboniferous age. The leading forms of vegetation were allied to *rushes*, *ferns*, and *club-mosses*. Many of these grow to colossal dimensions. Some of the rushes—*calamites*—were doubtless thirty feet in height. The impressions of their huge and prostrate stems may often be traced upon the shale which overlies a seam of coal. Of ferns no species living in temperate latitudes attain the dimensions of a tree; but there formerly flourished within the limits of the Northern States ferns which attained to colossal dimensions. The club-mosses—*lepidodendron*—of the same epoch grew to the magnitude and aspect of stately palms. Among us they trail upon the ground, or rise but a few inches above it. The largest living club-mosses do not exceed three feet in height. The stems of *lepidodendron* were covered with scars diagonally arranged, and are often mistaken by the uninformed for "petrified snakes." The cones of these plants are found in great abundance in Ohio. Another curious form of this period has been styled *sigillaria*. Their fluted trunks, from one to five feet in diameter, have sometimes been seen sixty and seventy feet in length. The flutings are marked by a longitudinal series of pits, like the impressions of a *scal*. In many instances these tree-trunks have been found erect, evidently buried while standing, by accumulations of sand and mud. Below are the roots and rootlets—formerly called *stigmata*—and the very soil remaining in which they flourished. In the excavation of a bed of coal these petrified tree-trunks are not unfrequently cut off below, when the slight taper of the stem permits them to slide, by the force of gravity, down into the mine. These "coal-pipes" are much dreaded by the English miners, for almost

every year they are the cause of fatal accidents. "It is strange to reflect," says Sir Charles Lyell, "how many thousands of these trees fell originally in their native forests, in obedience to the law of gravity, and how the few which continued to stand erect, obeying, after myriads of ages, the same force, are cast down to immolate their human victims."

Let the reader embody before his mind's eye a group of rush-like and fern-like trees, interspersed among gigantic club-mosses and occasional conifers, and he has a picture of the aspect of a carboniferous jungle—a jungle not enlivened by the tread of quadrupeds or the singing of birds, but mute as the solitudes of an African desert—voiceless, save when the alligator-like bellowings of the *archegosaurus* in a neighboring bayou waked the echoes of those gloomy corridors, and startled the lesser amphibians from their hiding-places, or the thunder-voice of Deity spoke, as it still speaks, from the terror-striking tempest.

The office of this redundant vegetation was finally fulfilled. The atmosphere was purified of its noxious elements, and higher creatures could live upon the soil. Behold the wisdom and providence of the creative Architect! Carbonic acid was to be removed from the atmosphere to fit it for animal respiration. A finite mind might have aimed to effect this end alone, but the Infinite Intelligence had so planned his laws that the poison of the quadruped was the aliment of the plant. A double object was thus effected. Nor was this all. Should these enormous crops of vegetation grow up and decay for the want of an intelligent population to consume and use the fuel? Though man was not, the far-seeing Planner of the universe stored that fuel in repositories where it could never perish, and where it could await the uses of the coming race of man. Nor was this even the end of the providential purposes. In a subsequent age those barren rocks and those beds of coal became covered first with the basis of a soil and then with the soil itself, so that man, when he should come upon the stage, might find an inexhaustible mine of fuel, and a foothold for the products of his farm, all upon the self-same acres. Another circumstance should also be here remarked. The preservation of these carboniferous stores was effected by the packing down of layer after layer, while beds of clay, and sand, and calcareous sediment were interposed between. Not only was there never another period of the world when the supply of carbon was so great, but never before or after were those frequent and gentle oscillations so long continued, which were the agencies of burying the successive crops of vegetable

growths. And, lastly, these very oscillations, while they were subserving this collateral end—which was still important enough to have been the sole and ultimate end—were only the symptoms of a great continental preparation, which was going on from the region of the Atlantic to that of the Pacific shores, and which had been in progress and attended by similar though much less frequent oscillations from that remote period when the shrinking of the molten nucleus of the world located those huge wrinkles in the stiffening crest which were to be afterward deepened into the beds of the two great oceans. Verily, here is a scope and comprehensiveness of plan which must commend our highest admiration.

And the same general preparatory movements were still to be continued—continued till the finished earth had been elaborated for the reception of man. It would seem that the frequent oscillations of the coal period were but the tremblings of the strained crust, pushed to the verge of violent rupture by the two enormous masses of water. By turns the central areas had been protruded above the waves, and by turns the tension had found relief, and the uplifted crust dropped back for a time to its submarine horizon. Not before the collateral uses of these phenomena had been subserved did the tension of the crust reach the measure of a grand upheaval. After trembling for ages beneath the immense and increasing pressures of two great oceans it burst up in enormous folds, thousands of feet in height and extending from New England to Alabama on the one hand, and on the other an unknown distance along a belt parallel with the Pacific coast. On the Alleghany side some of these folds are known to have been protruded to such height that they toppled over; while to the east and west, but especially the west of the principal axis of violence, the folds become gentler and terminate in pleasant undulations of the surface. The Queen City of the West stands perhaps on the last of this series of undulations. Thus were the Appalachians brought into existence.

Subsequent geological agencies have greatly modified the primary result. The ocean has been permitted still again to sweep over the continent, and the crests of the folds and ridges have all been planed down and the materials distributed over the intervening spaces. Thus the original height of the Alleghanies has been much reduced. Thus the swell upon which the Queen City of the West is built has been worn off to the level of the adjacent areas, and thus the original limits of the great carboniferous jungle have been very much restricted.

A VISION OF THE AGES.

BY REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

I.

Down the ages, dim and olden,
Where the shadows, gray and golden,
Gather, till they melt and mingle
Like the shades in dell and dingle
When the twilight, gently closing,
Kisses earth to soft reposing,
Down those ages, dim and olden,
Through those shadows, gray and golden,
Oft in thought I roam and ponder,
Dream, and long, and love, and wonder.

II.

One bright day in brown October,
While the sunlight, sad and sober,
Sweetly sad, and sinking slowly,
Streamed through all my chamber lowly,
Thus I sat—old tomes around me—
Sat as if some spell had bound me—
Turning slow the solemn pages
Of old books, whose lines are ages;
Books where Time has loved to linger,
Writing dim, with dusky finger,
Wisdom weird, and high, and hidden,
Wealth to half the world forbidden.
Thus, while slow the sun was sinking,
Still I sat, in fancy linking
Thought with thought, till, as in dreaming,
All my thinking changed to seeming;
And from all the glint and gloaming,
Where my thickening thoughts were roaming,
Gathering grand around and o'er me,
Lo, a glory grew before me;
And from out the glimmering glory
Souls, sublime in song and story,
One by one, serene and solemn,
Passed, in long, illustrious column!

III.

First the bards, the master-makers,
Souls who saw with open vision
Nature, Hades, Earth, Elysian,
Truth, and Beauty; born partakers
Of a baptism, a libation
From the Fountain of Creation.

IV.

First came two, alone, imperial
Monarchs of the race ethereal;
Great high-priests of song, whose numbers,
Like the sea, that never slumbers,
Pour their fiery undulations
Through all ages and all nations!
One was crowned, and one was crownless,
One enthroned, the other throneless;
One by God's own hand anointed,
Ruled a race by Heaven appointed;
One, in song his peer and brother,
Blind to earth and blind to heaven,
Nature's impulse only given,
From one island to another,
Roamed, and sang his deathless psalm
'Round th' immortalized Egean.

V.

Then came prophets, patriarchs, sages,
Seers from all the lands and ages:
He who walked with God, translated;

He who saw a world, heaven-fated,
Sink beneath the sea, whose billow
Rocked him, safe as cradle-pillow;
He the "Friend of God," whose spirit
All the sons of faith inherit;
Thou, O sage and seer, who standest
Foremost of mankind, and grandest;
Who, in life's triumphant morning,
Earth's proud thrones and homage scorning,
Siding with a downtrodden nation,
Wrought their great emancipation!
Smote th' oppressor's land with wonder,
Hail, and fire, and death, and thunder!
Passed the ocean; cleft a fountain
From the rock; and, from the mountain,
Gave the law of God, whose pages
Scatter light through all the ages!

VI.

Seers from other lands and races
Passed me next, with darkened faces:
Great Lycurgus, Minos, Menu;
Sage Gotama; old Kong-fu-tse;
Older still, the wondrous Fohi;
And the seers of Brahm and Vishnu;
Seers Egyptian, seers Chaldean,
Parsees, Magi, priests Sabean,
Rapt, transcendent Zoroaster,
Divine Plato, and his master.

VII.

Who shall say that to no mortal
Heaven e'er op'd its mystic portal,
Gave no dream, or revelation,
Save to one peculiar nation?
Souls sincere, now voiceless, nameless,
Knelt at altars fired, and flameless,
Asked of Nature, asked of Reason,
Sought through every sign and season,
Seeking God; through darkness groping,
Waiting, striving, longing, hoping,
Weeping, praying, panting, pining,
For the light on Israel shining!
O, it must be! God's sweet kindness
Pities erring human blindness,
And the soul whose pure endeavor
Strives toward God, shall live forever;
Live by the great Father's favor,
Saved through an unheard-of Savior.

VIII.

Then the throng grew vague and vaster,
Moving, mingling, floating faster:
Warriors, heroes, conquerors marching
Laureled 'neath triumphal arching;
Statesmen, orators whose thunder
Rent the tyrant's chains asunder;
Painters whose supreme creations
Ravished the admiring nations;
Sculptors whose divine ideal
Glorified the living real!

IX.

Still, as still I saw or slumbered,
Onward swept the throng unnumbered;
Forms the world's great heart has cherished,
Forms it never knew, that perished,
Left unknown, to pine and languish,
Drowned in agony and anguish.
O, there have been souls celestial

Tortured here in chains terrestrial,
Bound in iron, crushed and broken,
Souls that, could they once have spoken,
Once breathed out the flame that burned them,
Nations had in gold inurned them;
Countless lips their names caressing,
Endless hearts their memory blessing!
These I saw, their names I knew not,
From their lives the veil I drew not,
But I saw them robed in whiteness,
Walking in serenest brightness,
And I knew that all their sadness
Now was changed to glorious gladness.

X.

Then before my vision, slowly,
Came a humble band and holy.
Few they were, unknown in story,
Crowned with no ancestral glory,
Poor, unlearned, derided, taunted,
Hated, beaten, hissed, and haunted,
On a convict's cross relying,
Scorned while living, cursed when dying.

XI.

Yet o'er all earth's rage and railing,
Still I saw that cross prevailing!
Seas of blood around it pouring,
Seas of flame around it roaring,
Wet with tears, yet unforsaken,
Still it towered sublime, unshaken,
Rose o'er night, and storm, and terror,
Chased the goblin glooms of error,
Rose in radiance, grew in glory,
Conquered science, song, and story,
Conquered kingdoms, ransomed races,
Brightened all earth's darkened places,
Bade the sorrowing sigh no longer,
Made man freer, nobler, stronger,
Broke the chains of hoar oppression,
Healed the wounds of old transgression,
Preached the PRINCE OF PEACE, whose praises
Half the world, redeemed, now raises;
And whose sovereign sway transcendent,
Soon o'er all shall reign resplendent,
Till all nations fall before Him,
And all tribes of earth adore Him.

XII.

Then cried I, O, kingdom glorious!
Haste, and reign o'er all victorious!
Fade fond dreams of fame and fortune,
This new empire be my portion!
Fade the pomp of earth's old ages,
Sensual songs, and sensual sages;
Sensual all, impure, unholy,
Dying from earth's memory slowly.
Let them die; once I adored them,
Now no more my heart can hoard them.
Once well-nigh had these undone me,
Now a holier hope has won me.
Pass, vain vision of earth's beauty,
Hail, high, holy, heavenly DUTY!
Hail that cross! tear-stained and gory;
Hail its death, its shame, its glory!
All my heart falls down before it,
All my mind and soul adore it;
All I am to this be given,
This be mine, on earth, in heaven!

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Exhort.

REDEMPTION OF TIME.—"*Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.*" Eph. v, 16.

No gift of Heaven is more slightly valued by mortals than that of *time*. The precious hours of life come and go with the multitude without any real apprehension of their relation to the great end for which they are given, or the awfully-solemn destiny in the life to come, which they are so surely yet so silently working out. The probationary character of time—the fact that it is momentarily contributing to a fixed and irreversible condition of happiness or misery in the future life—seems all unrealized, all forgotten by the great mass around us. They live as though there was nothing contingent—much less the welfare of the soul in the two worlds of its existence—upon its fateful issue. Let us, reader, thoughtfully dwell for a moment upon this subject, that we may hereafter more sacredly value and more zealously improve our time. "*Redeeming the time, because the days are evil,*" contains a sentiment worthy of our serious reflection and faithful religious application. We shall glance at several reasons why we should redeem the time.

Ours is *purchased* time. Did you ever think of this, reader, as a reason why you should redeem it? Christ's intervention and constant mediation in your behalf is the sole reason why you enjoy this invaluable gift. But for this the present moment would not be yours, either to appropriate to your conversion or your higher advancement in grace. Costly, indeed, was the sacrifice, as also earnest is the intercessory pleading, by which you possess this purchased benefit—this precious blessing of time. Then you should value it by redeeming its golden moments. If unconverted, speedily should you make it tell on your conversion; if a Christian, earnestly should you consecrate it to God and eternity! Think of the purchased character of time, and you will have a motive for its redemption that ought to stir the profoundest depths of your mental and spiritual being.

Our time has a *specific design*. It is bestowed for our welfare in time or eternity. It is given to us that we may glorify God and enjoy him forever. This is the purpose of its bestowment. In this connection its value is beyond all conception. The man of the world says, "*Time is money;*" and he says truly. But man, as to the chief end of his existence, was born to look after nobler and higher interests than money or any other earthly good. He has a soul, before which is the race of eternity; that soul needs renewal and purity before it can enter upon its true life and destiny; therefore time is given for its spiritual transformation and happiness. Determining, as it does, our welfare

in the present and future life of the soul, Dr. Young may well counsel thus as to its appropriation:

"Part with it as with money, sparing: pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what's its worth? Ask death-beds; they can tell."

Ours is *limited* time—so limited that human life is represented in the Scriptures under the fitting and expressive figure of a day! The work we have to do—work for God, ourselves, and our fellow-men—is as vast in its importance and varied in its character as the time is brief and limited in which it is to be done. Our life-work admits of no waste of our moments. Every moment has its duty, its appropriate responsibility. Work as hard and toil as zealously as you may, reader, you can not outdo the necessity which the flow of time creates for work! While earth and heaven are to be blessed—the homes of the one and the crowns of the other to be brightened—can you do too much with your moments in the way of redeeming them to the good of humanity? If you are so soon to lie under the sod, can your strokes, while your time lasts, be too hard or many for eternity? That devoted servant of God, Joseph Alleine, often on hearing the village blacksmith's hammer early in the morning, said to his wife, "O how this noise shames me! Does not my Master deserve more than his? Give me a Christian that counts his time more precious than gold!" The noble Wesley, whose chaise was delayed one morning beyond the appointed time, was heard to exclaim with deep emotion, "I have lost ten minutes forever!" Who wonders that these holy men of God, with such views of the design and value of time, lived and labored as they did? The monuments they have left behind them are fitting testimonies as to what mortals may do for their race by redeeming the time!

Our time is *peculiar in its surroundings*—"the days are evil;" therefore should we redeem it. The antagonisms to life's work and the good man's heaven are, as ever, varied and many. Arrayed against us in our struggle for purity and heaven are the marshaled hosts of evil—the world, flesh, and the devil! The upward and heavenward way has never been easy or flowery. So the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles; so the martyrs, confessors, and fathers in the Gospel realized it. To those who have gone from the firesides around which we lingered in childhood's hours—gone to rest—"the days were evil," as they are to us. Especially and preëminently are they so now. Such "evil days" but few of us ever dreamed of as are these days. And if ever we should redeem the time we should surely do it now. "*The days are evil,*" and

well will it be for us if we can so employ and hallow them on earth that at last the brighter and happier day of heaven shall break over us in the world to which we go! Then, pious reader, redeem the time, and remember, as you do, that Christ, your Savior, with all his people will redeem thee!

A word simply to the impenitent, if perchance this falls under the eye of any such. How is it with you? Not well, truly! How much unredeemed time already have you to answer for? Think of the past, the irrecoverable past; and as you think, remember it is written, "God requireth that which is past." Your only hope is in the present. On the issue of your past life you would lose heaven and every thing dear to your welfare. Let me, in conclusion, commend to your serious thought and immediate observance the weighty injunction of the apostle, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."

F. S. C.

THE SIN AND FOLLY OF FRETTING—A LAY SERMON.—"*Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.*" *Psalms* xxxvii, 8.

1. IT IS A SIN AGAINST GOD.—It is evil and only evil and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil." That is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you can not speak without fretting or scolding, keep silence.

2. IT DESTROYS AFFECTION.—No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, children, wives, relatives, or domestics, have no affection for peevish, fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them—may bear with them. But they can not love them more than the sting of nettles, or the noise of musketoes. Many a man has been driven to the tavern and to dissipation, by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. IT IS THE BANE OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—A fretful, peevish, complaining fault-finder in a family, is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman, or child who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another! Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Mrs. A. is of this temperament. She wonders her husband is not more fond of her company; that her children give her so much trouble; that domestics do not like to work for her; that she can not secure the good-will of young people. The truth is, she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her and do not love her. She never gained the affection of a young person, and never will, till she leaves off fretting.

4. IT DEFEATS THE END OF FAMILY GOVERNMENT.—Good family government is the blending authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, it is the great secret of managing young people. Now, your fretters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding at a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspires dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. Mrs. F. is of this class. Her children are made to mind; but how? She frets and scolds her children.

She is severe enough upon their faults. She seems to watch them in order to find fault. She sneers at them; treats them as though they had no feelings. She seldom gives them a command without a threat, and a long-running, fault-finding commentary. When she chides, it is not done in a dignified manner. She raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, slaps their heads, etc. The children cry out, pout, sulk; and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often. Then she will find fault with her husband, because he does not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as chorus.

5. FRETTING AND SCOLDING MAKE HYPOCRITES.—As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell them any thing disagreeable, and thus procure for themselves a fretting. Now, children conceal as much as they can from such persons. They can not make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettles and musketoes.

6. IT DESTROYS ONE'S PEACE OF MIND.—The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at, especially if he or she has the bump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, talk right. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard for any one's comfort but their own.

7. IT IS A MARK OF VULGAR DISPOSITION.—Some persons have so much gall in their disposition, are so selfish, that they have no regard to the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics, the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Woe to the children who are exposed to their influences! It makes them callous and unfeeling; and when they grow up, they pursue the same course with their own children, or those intrusted to their management; and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated. Any person who is in the habit of fretting or sneering, taunting, husbands, wives, children, or domestics, shows either a bad disposition or else ill-breeding. For it is generally your ignorant, low-bred people that are guilty of such things.—ADAM.

MEAT VERSUS BONES.—"*Feed my sheep.*" *John* xxi, 16.

Mr. Newton once paid a visit to a minister who affected great accuracy in his discourses, and who, on that Sabbath day, had occupied nearly an hour in insisting on several labored and nice distinctions made in his subject. As he had a high estimation of Mr. Newton's judgment, he inquired of him, as they walked home, whether he thought the distinctions just now insisted on were full and judicious? Mr. N. said he thought them not full, as a very important one had been omitted. "What can that be?" said the minister, "for I have taken more than ordinary care to enumerate them fully. 'I think not,' replied Mr. N., 'for when many of your congregation had traveled several miles for a meal, I think you should not have forgotten the important distinction which must ever exist between meat and bones.'"

Poets and Purists.

POETS-LAUREATE.—The first patent regularly issued for the establishment of the office of poet-laureate was dated 1630, in the sixth year of Charles I. By this potent it was provided that this court dignitary should receive yearly the sum of £100, besides a tierce of Canary wine out of the royal cellars. The troubles of the Civil Wars, however, retarded the operation of this regulation, and Davenant, who remodeled and spoiled Shakspeare's *Tempest*, derived no further benefit from his office than the title. He was the successor of Ben Jonson, who, though he had been court poet to James I, and probably enjoyed some pension, was never formally endowed with the laureate wreath. Davenant held the office till his death, and was succeeded by Dryden in 1668, who had the title conferred upon him by letters under the privy seal, and Tennyson is the twelfth in poetical descent from the famous author of *Alexander's Feast*. The following is the list of the twelve poets-laureate since Davenant: Dryden, Shadwell, Tate, Rowe, Ensden, Cibber, Whitehead, T. Warton, Pye, Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. Some of these names are so well known, that their bearers need no mention here; but a few are entirely unknown, and a few particulars may not be uninteresting. First, then, Shadwell. This laureate was a dramatist, and great favorite of Lord Rochester, and obtained the office in 1668, when Dryden was deprived of it on account of the Revolution. Immediately upon his expulsion, Dryden wrote upon the unfortunate Shadwell the celebrated *Mac Flecknoe*. It was completely successful, and the ridiculous object of it died in 1692 from taking an overdose of opium. Nahum Tate was next. He is chiefly known from a joint production with Dr. N. Brady of the *Metrical Version of the Psalms*, which first appeared in 1698. Poor Tate was ejected to make room for N. Rowe, whose *Tamerlane*, and translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, are well known. Ensden, who succeeded, is passed over by all the biographers, and obtained the appointment solely by interest. Whitehead, who followed Cibber, brought the laureateship to its lowest ebb. His chief poem was entitled *State Dunces*, and was a satire upon the ministry of the time. He attached himself to Bubb Doddington, satirized by Pope, in his most vigorous manner, and through his interest held the laurel till 1774. On him the famous lines of Churchill were composed:

"May I—can worse disgrace on manhood fall?—
Be born a Whitehead or baptized a Paul?"

Thomas Warton is not entirely unknown. His *History of English Poetry* has done good service to Spenser and Milton, and will always remain a repository of various and curious information. He died in 1690, when he had only reached the reign of Elizabeth. He was succeeded by Pye, the Berkshire squire, M. P., and the Commissioner of police. He achieved a translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, and this, with a small volume of poems, raised him to the laureateship. The names of Dryden, Cibber, Southey, Wordsworth, and

Tennyson will live forever, and their lives are, or should be, "familiar in our mouths as household words," and we need give no details concerning them.

IMPORTED SLANG.—America is indebted to the old world for nearly all its verbal vulgarisms and cant phrases. They are not Americanisms, but Europeanisms. What is called the "nasal drawl" of Yankee-land, for example, is a gift from Norfolk and Suffolk, England, where they say *end* for end, *keow* for cow, *cout* for out, just as some folks do in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

The old Dutch settlers have supplied us with a good many queer words. For example, "cook" is a modification of *keekje*, a little cake; "kruller" is from the Dutch verb *krullen*, to curl; "speck and appelpies" is a slight modification of *spek en appeltjes*, the name for fried pork and apples among the Hollanders; and "boss" is an improvement on the Dutch word *baas*, employer.

To the Mexicans we owe several outlandish phrases, such as *stampede*, *chaparral*, *ranch*, *vamos*, etc.—the last being an adaptation of the Spanish verb *vamos*—literally, "let us go."

But the "mother country" has furnished nine-tenths of the contents of our slang vocabulary. To her we are indebted for such lingual delicacies as "larrup," "mizzle," "let up," "let on," "yourn," "hern," and "theirn." "Shes'n" is also used in some parts of England, but we have not as yet imported that symbol of feminine ownership.

"Bogus" is another Anglicism. It is, we believe, the vulgate for "Borghese," the name of a forger who "operated" somewhat extensively across the water, about twenty-five years ago. He passed false tokens and counterfeit bills to the amount of many thousands of dollars, and hence the term "bogus" is applied to whatever is false and fraudulent.

Upon the whole, it will be as well for our Anglo-Saxon cousins to stop jeering at Americanisms. Vulgarisms, like chickens, are apt to go home to roost, and nine-tenths of ours were hatched on the other side of the Atlantic. The worst that can be said of us is, that being of a liberal and benevolent turn of mind, we have naturalized some of the *slang* of Europe, as well as millions of its citizens.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

PRIVATE FORTUNES OF THE ANCIENTS.—Cæsar possessed, in landed property, equal to \$8,500,000, besides a large amount of money, slaves, and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum. He used to say that a citizen who had not a sufficient fortune to support an army or a legion, did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher, Seneca, had a fortune of \$17,500,000. Tiberius, at his death, left \$118,625,000, which Caligula spent in less than twelve months. Vespasian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of the State at \$175,000,000. The debt of Milo amounted to \$3,500,000. Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed \$15,000,000. He had purchased the friend-

ship of Curio for \$2,500,000, and that of Lucius Paulus for \$15,000,000; he owed this sum on the ides of March, and it was paid before the kalends of April; he squandered \$735,000,000 of the public treasures. Appius squandered in debauchery \$2,500,000, and finding, on examination of the state of his affairs, that he had only \$400,000, he poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Julius Cæsar gave Servilla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of \$200,000.

A FRENCH REPUBLIC.—Most persons are not aware that in spite of all the changes which have taken place in France during the last eighty years, there actually exists, in one corner of the empire, a diminutive republic, founded a thousand years ago! The statement seems incredible, but it is proved by the French Budget recently published, in which figures a tribute paid to the treasury by the Republic of Andorre, in virtue of a treaty concluded under Louis the First—Louis de Debonnaire—about the year 820, by which the inhabitants of the Valley of Andorre, recognizing the suzerainty of France, agreed to pay 960 livres—frances—per annum for the privilege of exporting some of their products. The tribute was suppressed at the commencement of the Revolution of 1789, but was re-established in 1806, at the request of the Andorrians themselves.

The Republic of Andorre is composed of two valleys of the Pyrenees, between Foix and Urgel. It is still governed by a constitution and laws which have never been changed since the days of Charlemagne. The Government is composed of a Sovereign Council of twenty-four members elected by the parishes. The Council holds five annual sessions. It chooses a syndic, or presiding officer, who retains office for life or during good behavior. The capital of this peaceful little State, by whose example greater republics might profit, is called Andorre, and has a population of 2,000 souls. The total population of the Republic is 15,000.

GOT.—The word got is often introduced superfluously and incorrectly into familiar expressions. When, in reply to my "lend me a dollar," you say, "I've got no money," you simply say what you do not mean; omit the got, and your meaning is rightly conveyed. "I've got a cold" is not bad English, if you mean to convey the idea that you have procured or contracted a cold somewhere; but if you merely wish to say—as you probably do—that you are now suffering under a cold, "I have a cold" is the proper expression. "She has got a fair complexion." Here got is again an interloper; for you do not mean to say she has procured a fair complexion, but simply that she has one. "I've got to go to New York to-morrow." Here got is again redundant and incorrect. "I have to go" expresses the idea.

A MAMMOTH PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.—The ancient theater of Ephesus has recently been examined and measured. It must have been the largest ever erected. Its diameter was six hundred and sixty feet, forty feet more than the major axis of the Coliseum. Allowing fifteen inches for each person, it would accommodate fifty-six thousand, seven hundred spectators. Drury Lane will only contain three thousand, two hundred, and old Covent Garden held two thousand, eight hundred.

red. This edifice was the scene of one of Apollonius's miracles. It is memorable for the uproar described in Acts xix, when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. To this edifice the writer to the Corinthians alluded, probably, when he said, "If, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me?"

HOW CLERGYMEN CAME TO WEAR BLACK.—In the year 1524 Luther laid aside the monk's costume and henceforth dressed according to the fashion of the world. He chose black clothes; and consequently the color has become the fashion of the clergy. His reason for choosing this color was, the Elector of Saxony took an interest in him, and now and then sent him a piece of black cloth—being at that time the court fashion and because Luther preferred it, his scholars thought it became them to wear the same color as their master. From that time black has been the color mostly worn by the clergy.

RED TAPE.—"Red tape" is an English expression, originated by Carlyle and made popular by Dickens, designed to represent the ceremonious delays and official formalities characteristic of the British Governmental routine. It is similarly used in this country to ridicule the tardiness with which every thing is effected by the formalism of Government officials. The expression arises from the fact that Government officers generally tie up their bundles of papers with red tape.

AUTHORSHIP WANTED.—Will you, or some of your readers, be good enough to give me the correct authorship of the following anecdotes of wit and incident?

1. Of a pastor to a conceited young preacher—"Your finest passage, sir, was the one which led you from the pulpit to the vestry." Was it Hall or Howells? I have seen it attributed to each.

2. Of a general in a Catholic cathedral, concerning the silver statues of the apostles—"Take them down and coin them into money, so that, like their Master, they may go about doing good." Was it Cromwell or Napoleon? I have seen it attributed to both.

3. Of an incident told concerning a young convert to Methodism, whose father adopted every means for her alienation. One of these was a grand party, where being requested to sing and play, she broke out in the hymn commencing, "And am I only born to die," beginning at the line, "No room for mirth and trifling here." Was it the daughter of a Southern planter, according to Strickland's Asbury, or the daughter of an English nobleman, according to other good authority?

S. H. C.

CHRISMATORY.—A *chrismatory* in the Roman Catholic Church is, properly speaking, the silver box or vase containing the holy oil called *chrism*, which is composed of olive oil and balm of Gilead. It is usual, however, to fit up a case with three holy oil boxes of silver. One of these contains the *chrism*, another the *Oleum Infirmorum*, used in administering the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; and the third, the *Oleum Catechumenorum*, with which the breast and shoulders are anointed in baptism. The *chrism* is required to anoint the top of the head, immediately after the actual baptism has been conferred.

F. C. H.

Siſſners for Children.

SAVINGS AND DOINGS OF ANIMALS—PATCH, THE CAT.—A young lady whose name was Mary, was one day running across a yard paved with bricks; it was very frosty, her foot slipped, and down she came with her right arm under her. The cook of the family, who happened to be there at the time, saw her fall, and helped her to get up again. When she tried to move her arm, she found it was broken, and a little sharp piece of bone came through the skin.

There was such a hurry, such a running about, such a calling from one to the other, for Miss Mary was a great favorite; a horse was saddled and bridled, and away galloped her father on its back, to fetch a doctor from the nearest town. While he was gone, Mary was put upon a sofa, the sleeves of her dress were cut open, and the arm being laid in a deep pan, was constantly bathed with vinegar and water, to prevent it from swelling.

At last the doctor arrived; but he was so young that he had not mended many broken bones: he, therefore, put the young lady to a great deal of pain, and when all was done he bound up the arm, tied it in two thin pieces of wood, put it into a sling, and ordered her to keep quiet. The next day, however, she was able to walk about, and a farmer's wife begged to see her. When she came into the drawing-room, the good woman had a basket on her arm; she made a courtesy and said, "I heard of your accident, Miss, and am very sorry for it. I am afraid you will be very dull, so I have brought you a little kitten to amuse you." Mary was quite pleased, thanked Mrs. Colling very much for her present and asked her to have some dinner.

When the basket was opened, the funniest little kitten in the world made its appearance. One side of her face and one leg were quite black; the middle of the forehead and the nose were of a tawny color; and the other side and the other leg were white, as well as the paws. The body was chiefly what is called tortoise-shell, and white underneath; while the tail was tawny with broad black rings. As soon as she was taken from the basket, she sprang upon a table, and looked about her as if to ask where she was. Her young mistress took her in her lap, gave her some milk, and made her so comfortable that she very soon began to purr, and then went to sleep.

"I shall call her Patch," said Mary to her mamma; "and I hope my brothers will not tease her as they do the other cats."

After her nap, Patch walked about the room, smelt the furniture, and did not offer to run away, for she seemed to know where she was likely to be comfortable.

When dinner was over, the new cat was brought in to be seen by the young gentlemen, who laughed at her odd marks as they sat round the fireplace. An old cat and a great favorite came in, and naturally went up to Patch, not ill-naturedly, but as if to bid her welcome; but Patch scratched his face, which led to a regular battle between them, and which amused the young gentlemen very much. Mary begged they might be separated; and to please her, her eldest brother put the kitten into her lap, where, however, she was not the least inclined to be quiet, for a dog then entered, and she set him at defiance with her back and tail. His masters, for the sake of what they called fun, set him to hunt her about the room; she jumped over the chairs and tables to escape him, and at last, when he had her almost in his mouth, she leaped quite over the flames, up the chimney, and all present thought she was gone forever. Mary was very much startled, and displaced the bones of her arm; which, by the by, were obliged to be set again the next day. The dog stood and stared up the chimney, and the boys turned quite pale, and did not speak for some time. At length one of them said,

"It is of no use grieving; we are very sorry for having

teased her, but we could not possibly suppose she would take such an extraordinary leap as that. Pray, sister, forgive us."

"Certainly I do," answered Mary; "but I think much less of my own loss than I do of the shocking death of the poor creature."

As she said these words down jumped Patch into the midst of the party, with only a few of her hairs singed, covered with soot, and looking as bold as ever. It was impossible to help laughing at her; but her coat was wiped, and she was not teased any more by creatures with two or four feet.

It was an old-fashioned chimney of which we have been speaking, with a ledge on each side of it; on one of which she must have sat till she was too hot to remain any longer, and then came down by the way she went up.

Patch continued to be the most daring, impudent cat that ever entered a house: a famous mouse and rat-catcher; but nothing was safe from her, and no place was too high, or too difficult for her to reach. Poor old Tom, the cook's cat, had a sad life with her; he was so old that he could not catch any more rats or mice, and generally slept in a great chair belonging to his mistress, which stood in the kitchen while Patch did his work. If his tail happened to hang down, she made a plaything of it; then she would jump down upon him from a shelf or a table, and scarcely ever let him be at peace. He tried to give her many a hard blow for this, but she was much too nimble for him, and generally managed to escape.

One evening the footman came into the drawing-room, looking rather frightened, and said to his master,

"May I speak with you, sir?"

"Certainly," answered Mary's papa. "What is the matter, William?"

"I will tell you outside, if you please, sir," continued the man. His master went out with him, and the servant added, "I went to draw some beer, sir, just now, and knowing exactly where the barrel stood, I did not take a candle with me. On opening the cellar door I saw a strange light at the farther end; part of it moved, and there was a very odd noise, like scratching and growling; and I was so startled, that the jug dropped out of my hand and was broken to pieces; so I came to tell you, sir."

Mary's father thought, if the man had not been a coward, he would have gone straight to the spot to see what it was which had so frightened him; but he did not say so, and went directly to the cellar. On pulling the door open, sure enough he also saw the light, and heard the odd noise, which he thought would explain the secret.

"That is very like Patch's growl," said he; "fetch a candle, William." The candle being brought, he examined the cellar, and found that a dish full of salted cod had been put on to the head of one of the casks, which it is well known will shine in the dark; and as Patch rushed out between his legs as he went in, he then knew that the movement was owing to Patch's large eyes, and her pulling about the fish; while the odd noises arose at her impudent way of showing her anger at being disturbed. He of course did not laugh at William; but he told the story to his children, who told it to their maid, who repeated it in the kitchen, where William was much laughed at, and who said, "There was no mischief but Patch was sure to be at the bottom of it."

One of Patch's favorite sports was catching birds, in which she was very successful; for she hid herself along the branches of trees at full length, and pretended to be asleep, so that the little birds came close to her without fear, and then she sprang upon them. There was one bird, however, whom she never could conquer, even by daylight, when he did not see very well; for he was an owl, which belonged to Mary, and which she kept in an apple-tree. This owl also

ate small birds, and frequently when Patch was lying in wait for her prey, he gave her such a peck that she ran away with a screech. They had several fights, and the owl's beak and claws were the only things of which this bold cat seemed to be afraid.

One day Patch killed a goldfinch which belonged to one of her young masters, having thrust her paw between the bars of the cage; and he caught her trying to drag out her victim. He was so angry that he seized her by the back of her neck, and threw her into a deep river which ran close to his father's house. Cats hate water, and are soon drowned; but to his great astonishment, Patch put up her head, and swam as well as if she had been a dog.

A terrible adventure at last tamed the wild spirit of this strange cat; but, at the same time, it spoiled her beauty. She was very fond of going slyly to the butcher's, at the end of the village, and often laid her paw upon a nice little piece of raw meat, just about to be shaped into a cutlet, for which she had received many a thump, and once or twice had had to run for her life, for the butcher declared, if he could catch her he would kill her. Nothing, however, daunted her, till one morning, thinking she was not seen, she laid hold of a dainty mutton-chop, which had just been cut off for the dinner at her master's house.

"Now that is too bad," said the butcher, and holding her down with his large hand, he was about to take off her head with his great chopper, when his wife caught hold of his arm.

"Do n't kill her," said she; "it is Miss Mary's cat." So, instead of chopping off her head, he chopped off her tail.

It was a great grief to Mary when her darling cat came home with a bleeding stump for a tail. The blood, however, was stopped, and a plaster was put upon the wound, and Patch became much steadier. She never went to the butcher's again; and it is impossible to describe what an odd-looking creature she was, with her curiously-marked skin, her ears all in ragged notches from the bites of rats and owl pecks, and no tail. When she got well, however, she was still very full of fun, although much wiser; and when she became a mamma, she told her children how she was served for her wild and thieving conduct, and she taught them to avoid her mischievous behavior.

HOW WOULD WE LOOK WITHOUT RIGHT EYES?—Little Lucy went to Church with her mother not long since. Father R. being absent, brother H. filled the appointment. In addressing himself to the young ladies and young men he exhorted them thus: "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; and if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee, for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body be cast into hell."

Little Lucy commenced crying and wanted to leave the Church, "for," said Lucy, "brother H. told us all to pluck out our right eyes and cut off our right hands. How would we all look with our right eyes out and our right arms off? I do n't like brother H. Father Robbins and brother J. never told us to pluck out our eyes and cut off our hands."

SUBSCRIBER.

DROWNING A SQUIRREL.—A BIT OF ADVICE FOR BOYS.—When I was about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground-squirrel ran into its hole before me. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I thought I would pour water into the hole till it would be full, and when the little fellow put up his head I was going to kill him. I got a trough from behind a sugar-maple, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, "O, my little fellow, I'll soon have you now." Just then I heard a voice behind me. "Well, my boy, what have you got in there?" I turned, and saw a good old man, with long, white locks, who had seen sixty Winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground-squirrel in here and am going to drown him out."

"When I was a little boy," said he, "more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning

a squirrel, and an old man like me came along and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that and I should come along and pour water down on you to drown you, would you think I was doing as I'd be done by? God made that little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as it is to you, and why will you torture to death an innocent little creature that God has made?' " Said he, "I have never forgotten that, and never shall; I have never killed any harmless creature for fun since; and now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill another poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this; and mind, God do n't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have passed since and I never forget what the good man said, nor have I killed the least animal for fun since. Now, you see, it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN CLOCK.—The following poem from a juvenile book, entitled "Aunt Effie's Rhymes," has in it a fine moral for our young readers. It teaches us to be "patient," "truthful," "active," and "obliging;" and now let us read the poem:

Listen to the kitchen clock!

To itself it ever talks;

From its place it never walks;

"Tick-tock—tick-tock,"

Tell me what it says.

"I'm a very patient clock;

Never moved by hope or fear,

Though I've stood for many a year;

Tick-tock—tick-tock."

That is what it says.

"I'm a very truthful clock;

People say about the place,

Truth is written on my face;

Tick-tock—tick-tock."

That is what it says.

"I'm a very active clock,

For I go while you're asleep,

Though you never take a peep;

Tick-tock—tick-tock."

That is what it says.

"I'm a most obliging clock;

If you wish to hear me strike,

You may do it when you like;

Tick-tock—tick-tock."

That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock!

Let us see what it will do

When the pointer reaches two

"Ding—ding"—"tick-tock."

That is what it says.

GOD IS RIGHT HERE, WILLIE.—A few nights since two little boys were lying together in their trundle-bed. Willie, the elder of the two, who was only six years of age, awoke in the night very thirsty. Being told that he could jump up and get himself some water, he cried, saying that he was afraid. Upon this his little brother, two years younger than himself, spoke encouragingly to him and said, "God is right here, Willie! God is right here! you need n't be afraid, Willie!" So Willie jumped up and went and got himself some water, and then came back to his little bed, all safe, and soon he and his little brother were fast asleep again.

THE YOUNG TETOTALER.—An Irish Catholic once said to a boy, who had taken the pledge from Father Mathew, "And so you have signed the teetotal pledge, have you?" "Indeed I have, and am not ashamed of it either." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did," said the teetotaler; "but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

Mansions of Learning.

LIMITATIONS TO MAN'S KNOWLEDGE.—The narrow limits within which human knowledge is confined are well set forth in the following narrative, told by an allegorical personage, in an old Arabian work. It contains a sharp rebuke to that self-sufficiency which thinks its own range of knowledge complete and absolute:

I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully-populous city, and I asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded.

"It is indeed a mighty city," replied he: "we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves."

Five centuries afterward, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed.

"In sooth, a strange question!" replied he. "The ground here has never been different from what you now behold it."

"Was there not of old," said I, "a splendid city here?"

"Never," answered he, "so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such."

On my return there five hundred years afterward, I found the sea in the same place, and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters.

"Is this a question," said they, "for a man like you? This spot has always been what it is now."

I again returned, five hundred years afterward, and the sea had disappeared. I inquired of a man who stood alone upon the spot, how long ago this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in beautiful buildings than the city I had seen the first time; and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, "Its rise is lost in remote antiquity; we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves."

BISHOP BAKER ON PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT.—In his address to the candidates for deacon's orders in the Iowa Conference, Bishop Baker made some excellent remarks on the subject of preparation for the pulpit. We commend them especially to young ministers:

To succeed in the ministry, give attention to every thing pertaining to your pulpit preparation. No man can succeed who fails at this point. And you must continue to apply yourselves to it. Although a person in early life may give himself with great zeal to this department of his duty, yet if he afterward relies upon his early preparation, the time will come, and shortly, too, in which he will become an inefficient minister. Bring no oil but "beaten oil" into God's sanctuary. We should study to keep up with the times; to make ourselves familiar more and more with God's work and word, and to impress these principles upon our hearts.

BISHOP JANE'S HINTS TO CLASS-LEADERS.—These capital hints, from Bishop Jane's Address, are not the less valuable because they come to us through "The Independent:"

The leader should invent and devise ways and means to make the class meeting both interesting and profitable. Suppose, for instance, once a quarter the leader should request all the members to bring their Bibles, and read a par-

agraph or quotation that most fully described their experience and state, and that he should make such suggestions and exhortations as might seem appropriate; who would retire from such a social Bible-reading, intermingled with singing and prayer, without great profit and much pleasure? and who can estimate the benefit of the preparatory examination of the Bible which would be requisite? Suppose, once a quarter, the leader should request his members to give some account of the sermon that had specially profited them, naming the text and the doctrines, and the light and the comfort it gave them, would it not be a good way to learn their spiritual state? Would it not give the leader just the passage of Scripture he needed to direct him in his response to them? Would it not lead the members to give attention to the preaching, and be a discipline to their memories? Would it not give a pleasing and a profitable variety to the class meeting? And suppose, once or twice a year, the leader should request his members to select a hymn descriptive of their spiritual condition, and read or repeat it to the class. In our Hymn-Book there are hymns, or verses of hymns, descriptive of every stage of religious experience, from the first dawning of light in the understanding, and the first awakening of conviction in the conscience, to the fullness of Christian character, and even to the entrance into heavenly beatitudes. And now, if these members were to relate their religious experience by selecting a verse or hymn that is descriptive of their state, how the bringing together of some twenty such portions of our beautiful hymns would vary and enrich the exercises of the class meeting! I can see nothing more appropriate—no method more happy.

NOT THE LESS PATRIOTS BECAUSE WE ARE MINISTERS.—The Report adopted by the California Conference on the state of the country, is, in many respects, a model of ecclesiastical patriotism. One passage from it is worthy of study. It will clear away the films from many an eye dimmed by unpatriotic sophistries:

If, now, it shall be asked what is our relation, as a body of Christian ministers, to the fearful struggle now in progress, it may be replied that we were men before we were ministers, and that by becoming ministers we did not cease to be men; nor can we be placed in any relations to each other, or the world, which will release us from the responsibilities of true manhood. The kingdom of God on earth is not the abstraction of subjects from human society and its obligations. It is, rather, God entering society to claim the right of government over all men, and in all respects; and only so far as this method of the Divine government extends, is the divine idea of social order realized on earth. Christians have no right, therefore, to lose their citizenship in their religion, but rather to give full scope to true religion in identifying, directing, and energizing the laws of true citizenship.

GENERAL BURNSIDE, THE TAILOR BOY.—The New York Evening Post gives the following story, which we learn is true in all its essential particulars, except that the Smith referred to was the late Hon. O. H. Smith, and not the Hon. Caleb B., now Secretary of the Interior:

It is about twenty years since one of the members of the present Cabinet was a member of Congress from a distant Western State. He had the usual right of designating a single candidate for admission to the West Point Military Academy. The applications made to him for a vacancy which then existed were not many, but among

them was a letter from a boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, who, without any accompanying recommendations or references, asked the appointment for himself. The member dismissed the appeal from his mind, with perhaps a passing thought of the forwardness and impudence of the stripling who could aspire to such a place on no other grounds than his own desire to get a good education at the public expense.

But happening a short time afterward to be in the little village whence the letter was mailed, the incident was recalled to his memory, and he thought he would beguile the few hours of leisure that he had by looking up the ambitious youth. He made his way, by dint of much inquiry, to a small tailor's shop on the outskirts of the town, and when he was admitted at the door he found a lad sitting cross-legged upon the tailor's bench, mending a rent in an old pair of pantaloons. But this lad had another occupation besides his manual toil. Near by, on a small block of wood, rested a book of abstruse science, to which he turned his eyes whenever they could be transferred from the work in his hands. The member accosted him by the name given in the letter, and the lad replied, "I am the person." "You wish, then, to be appointed a cadet at West Point?" "I do," he rejoined. "Why?" asked the Congressman. "Because," answered the tailor youth, "I feel that I was born for something better than mending old clothes." The member talked further with him, and was so pleased with his frankness, his spirit, and the rare intelligence he evinced, that he procured him the appointment.

The member is now Secretary Smith, of Indiana, and the youth General Burnside, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac. We should not be surprised if that boy—an excellent specimen of our Northern mudsills—were destined to hoist the American flag to its old place on the Capitol at Richmond.

TAKING IN ALL THE ELEMENTS OF THE CASE.—It is easy to express opinions and give advice; but few take the trouble to weigh all the elements of the case. Without this opinions are haphazard guesses, and

worth but little. The *Orleanais* relates a quaint anecdote, which, after all, is not bad as an illustration:

As a pedestrian tourist was lately proceeding toward Tours, he asked a man who was breaking stones by the roadside, how long it would take him to reach that place. The man looked at him without speaking, and then resumed his work. The question was repeated with the same result, and at last the traveler walked on. He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards, when the man called after him and made a sign for him to return. When the pedestrian reached the stone-breaker, the latter said to him, "It will take you an hour to reach Tours." "Then why did you not tell me so at first?" said the traveler. "Why," replied the man, "it was necessary for me first to see at what rate you walked, and from the way you step out, I am now able to state that you can do the distance in an hour."

BE KIND ENOUGH TO THROW ME MY HORSE.—The Scotch are a staid and stern people; solid in muscle as well as in intellect. There is broad humor in the following anecdote touching Scotch muscle:

A Scotch farmer, celebrated in this neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in all athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who, led by curiosity, came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D—, a great pugilist amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an inclosure at a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree and addressed the farmer: "Friend, I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I've come a great way to see which of us is the best man." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the noble lord by the middle of the body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working again. When his lordship had got up: "Well," said the farmer, "have you any thing more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'd be kind enough to throw me my horse!"

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL IN PARIS.—The chapel is really a very beautiful building. The lot is 86 feet front by 52 deep, so that the audience-room runs on the width of the lot instead of its depth, and is thus admirably lighted. The first floor contains a school-room on one side, the Methodist Book Room on the other, and a hall 20 feet wide between them. The audience-room is on the next floor. It contains over 700 sittings, and is very neatly fitted up. The third floor contains two dwellings, one for the French minister, the other for the English. This would be thought a queer arrangement at home; but here, where houses are let out in floors, and where the higher floors are considered more healthy, and in many respects more desirable, than the lower, it is not at all out of place. I heartily wish the American chapel had been constructed on a similar plan. As for the situation of the new chapel nothing could be better. It is within a few steps of the Boulevard Malesherbes, a new and magnificent avenue, extending from the Madeleine in a north-westerly direction beyond the Park de Monceaux. The chapel will thus be in the center of one of the finest quarters of Paris, and that the quarter which is most inhabited by English and Americans.—*Correspondence of Methodist.*

ASTRONOMICAL THEORY.—Recent investigations have led some of our most eminent astronomers to the following important conclusions in regard to the planet and asteroids:

1. That besides the planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars, there exists between the sun and Mercury a ring of asteroids whose mass is comparable with the mass of Mercury itself.
2. That at the distance of the earth from the sun is found a second ring of asteroids, whose mass is demonstrated not to be greater than the tenth part of the mass of the earth, and that this is the source of the periodical meteoric showers and aerolites.
3. That the total mass of the group of small planets situated between Mars and Jupiter is not greater than the third part of the mass of the earth.
4. That the masses of the last two groups are complementary to each other. Ten times the mass of the group situated at the distance of the earth, plus three times the total mass of the small planets between Mars and Jupiter, form a sum equal to the mass of the earth. The last conclusion depends upon the determination of the distance of the earth from the sun by observations of the transits of Venus, a determination which astronomers agree in considering as very accurate.

ANNUAL STATISTICS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—We give below a table showing the numbers in society, including both members and probationers, in the several annual Conferences; also a comparison with the numbers of last year, showing the increase or decrease in each. They are arranged in the order in which they held their sessions, of which the first commenced on the 26th of February, and the last on the 9th of October:

CONFERENCES.	Numbers in Society.	Last Year.	Increase.	Deaths.	Deaths.
Missouri and Arkansas.....	2,141	6,245	4,104	15	15
Kentucky.....	2,799	3,405	606	25	25
Baltimore.....	42,328	43,581	1,253	200	200
East Baltimore.....	37,869	39,501	1,632	385	385
Kansas.....	5,117	5,377	240	81	81
Western Virginia.....	16,020	21,792	5,772	130	130
Philadelphia.....	59,727	64,029	4,302	611	611
New Jersey.....	25,318	26,714	1,396	300	300
Pittsburg.....	43,404	45,306	1,902	471	471
Nebraska.....	1,695	1,324	371	10	10
Newark.....	23,303	23,698	395	288	288
Providence.....	15,564	15,663	99	230	230
New England.....	19,154	20,030	876	223	223
Wyoming.....	16,079	16,196	117	169	169
New York.....	37,689	38,767	1,078	445	445
New York East.....	30,365	31,189	824	353	353
New Hampshire.....	11,430	12,790	1,360	191	191
North Indiana.....	26,199	26,077	122	266	266
Liberia Mission.....	1,369	1,469	40	43	43
Oneida.....	19,710	21,453	1,743	236	236
Troy.....	26,537	26,626	89	359	359
Vermont.....	13,012	14,267	1,255	209	209
Black River.....	21,691	22,951	1,260	277	277
Maine.....	12,760	13,216	456	182	182
East Maine.....	11,205	11,141	64	140	140
German Mission.....	2,181	2,181	—	—	—
Erie.....	29,011	29,136	125	292	292
Oregon.....	2,797	2,861	64	26	26
North Ohio.....	18,835	19,363	528	248	248
Ohio.....	31,739	34,944	3,205	411	411
Western Iowa.....	6,003	6,761	758	73	73
West Wisconsin.....	7,779	8,032	253	76	76
Cincinnati.....	33,298	34,551	1,253	358	358
Iowa.....	16,271	18,885	2,614	176	176
Upper Iowa.....	14,425	14,712	287	138	138
California.....	3,939	4,252	313	39	39
East Genesee.....	20,593	20,192	401	243	243
Central Ohio.....	17,383	17,434	51	235	235
South-Eastern Indiana.....	21,569	21,610	41	247	247
Minnesota.....	6,825	5,841	984	55	55
Central Illinois.....	18,405	19,208	743	214	214
Indiana.....	24,839	28,109	3,270	320	320
Detroit.....	15,772	16,465	693	188	188
Rock River.....	20,903	20,987	84	208	208
North-West Wisconsin.....	2,249	2,412	163	22	22
Genesee.....	9,448	9,716	268	113	113
Michigan.....	15,772	16,014	242	182	182
Southern Illinois.....	21,844	23,361	1,517	320	320
Wisconsin.....	11,097	10,918	179	127	127
Illinois.....	29,510	30,893	1,383	530	530
North-Western Indiana.....	16,084	17,048	964	225	225
Total.....	942,906	988,523	45,617	10,622	10,622

This total of 942,906 embraces 843,401 members and 99,505 probationers. Last year's Minutes reported 865,446 members and 123,077 probationers, showing a decrease of 22,045 in the former and 23,573 in the latter. This decrease may partially be accounted for by the war, many of our members being in the army without holding their membership in any charge.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1863.—The Joint Annual Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church made the appropriations found below for the missionary work, both foreign and domestic, for 1863. The meeting was very harmonious, and the Joint Committee felt encouraged by the unexpected fact that the receipts of 1862 will probably exceed those of 1861 by fifteen thousand dollars.

The principle which governed the Committee this

year was to hold our missionary work successfully on its present scale, and not to enlarge by additional missionaries. It is believed that the appropriations will accomplish this:

SUMMARY.

India.....	\$52,918
Bulgaria.....	8,886
Liberia.....	13,750
China.....	17,222
Foreign German.....	23,156
Scandinavian.....	13,820
South America.....	1,300
German Domestic.....	36,900
Foreign Populations other than German.....	9,100
Indian.....	3,200
English Domestic.....	79,250
Contingent Fund.....	10,000
Incidental Expense Account.....	10,000
Office Expenses at New York and Cincinnati, including all salaries and traveling expenses.....	10,000
Contingent for Missions to the Freed Populations of the South.....	3,000
Toward extinguishing debt.....	7,518
Total.....	\$300,000

PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION, 1863.—The following plan of Episcopal visitation was agreed upon by the Bishops at their late session:

CONFERENCE.	PLACE.	TIME.	BISHOP.
Baltimore.....	Georgetown.....	March 4	Simpson.
Black River.....	Watertown.....	April 22	Janes.
California.....	Napa City.....	Sept. 2	Janes.
Central Illinois.....	Canton.....	" 16	Scott.
Central Ohio.....	Upp'r Sandusky.....	" 9	Simpson.
Cincinnati.....	Xenia.....	" 2	Baker.
Detroit.....	Romeo.....	16	Simpson.
East Baltimore.....	York, Penn.....	March 4	Scott.
East Genesee.....	Penn Yan.....	Sept. 9	Scott.
East Maine.....	Rockland.....	April 29	Simpson.
Erie.....	Ashabula.....	July 15	Simpson.
Genesee.....	Rushford.....	Oct. 1	Simpson.
German.....	Bremen.....	June 20	Ames.
Illinois.....	Springfield.....	Oct. 8	Scott.
Indiana.....	Washington.....	Sept. 16	Morris.
Iowa.....	Newton.....	" 9	Ames.
Kansas.....	Lawrence.....	March 11	Ames.
Kentucky.....	Hartford.....	Feb. 26	Morris.
Liberia.....	Careysburg.....	March 4	Burns.
Maine.....	Pittsford.....	April 22	Simpson.
Michigan.....	Jackson.....	Sept. 23	Simpson.
Minnesota.....	Hastings.....	" 30	Ames.
Missouri and Arkansas.....	Hannibal.....	March 4	Ames.
Nebraska.....	Brownsville.....	" 26	Ames.
Newark.....	Jersey City.....	" 23	Baker.
New England.....	Charleston.....	April 1	Scott.
New Hampshire.....	Hav'rhill, Mass.....	" 8	Baker.
New Jersey.....	Burlington.....	March 18	Scott.
New York.....	New York.....	April 15	Scott.
New York East.....	Brooklyn.....	" 1	Baker.
North Indiana.....	Wabash.....	" 9	Morris.
North Ohio.....	Mt. Vernon.....	Sept. 2	Morris.
North-Western Indiana.....	Michigan City.....	" 30	Morris.
North-West Wisconsin.....	West Eau Claire.....	Oct. 7	Ames.
Ohio.....	Lancaster.....	Sept. 9	Baker.
Oneida.....	Cortland.....	April 22	Baker.
Oregon.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 12	Janes.
Philadelphia.....	Westchester.....	March 18	Simpson.
Pittsburg.....	Coshocton, O.....	" 18	Janes.
Providence.....	Warren, R. I.....	April 1	Janes.
Rock River.....	Rockford.....	Sept. 23	Scott.
South-Eastern Indiana.....	Columbus.....	" 16	Baker.
Southern Illinois.....	Mt. Carmel.....	" 23	Baker.
Troy.....	Fort Edward.....	April 15	Baker.
Upper Iowa.....	Davenport.....	Sept. 16	Ames.
Vermont.....	St. Albans.....	April 15	Simpson.
Western Iowa.....	Winteret.....	Sept. 2	Ames.
Western Virginia.....	Fairmont.....	March 18	Morris.
West Wisconsin.....	Lodi, Dane co.....	Sept. 2	Simpson.
Wisconsin.....	Waukesha.....	Oct. 1	Scott.
Wyoming.....	Susquehanna.....	April 9	Janes.

PITTSBURG WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.—This institution is having a prosperous run under the Presidency of Rev. I. C. Pershing, D. D. During the last term there were in actual attendance 220 pupils. The faculty numbers 17 teachers. An extension to the school accommodations is to be made next Summer.

Fictional Notices.

(1.) **THIRTEEN MONTHS IN THE REBEL ARMY: A Narrative of Personal Adventures in the Infantry, Ordnance, Cavalry, Courier, and Hospital Services, with an Exhibition of the Power, Purposes, Earnestness, Military Despotism, and Demoralization of the South.** By an impressed New Yorker. With an Engraved View of Beauregard and his Council of War before the Battle of Pittsburg Landing. A. S. Barnes & Burr, New York. Applegate & Co., Cincinnati. 16mo. 232 pp.—This book is worth buying and reading. None that we have ever read more clearly illustrates the essential barbarism of the slave-cursed population of the South.

The author, a son of Rev. Dr. Stevenson, one of the secretaries of the American Tract Society, New York, being in Arkansas when the rebellion first broke out, was impressed into the rebel army. For more than a year he served as a private soldier, orderly sergeant, and lieutenant. During this time he was in the infantry, ordnance, cavalry, courier, and hospital services. His experiences in each are detailed with great clearness and unusual graphic power, while some of his personal adventures are more startling than the wildest fiction.

The great value of the book lies in the full view it gives of the interior of the rebellion, the purposes and plans of the leaders, the unanimity and deadly resolve of the masses, with the power and military resources of the Confederate States, told by one who saw all and tells what he saw. We do not wonder that it is having an immense sale.

(2.) **MEMOIRS OF THE REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D., ("Kirwan.")** By Samuel Irenaeus Prime, author of "Travels in Europe and the East," "Letters from Switzerland," and other works. With a portrait. 438 pp. 12mo. Price, \$1. Harper & Bros., New York. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.—Kirwan's life was worth writing. The character of the man is worthy of commemoration; and then, too, his history is full of teaching to the boys of our country. A poor Irish boy, he landed in New York at the age of sixteen. He had only twenty dollars with which to begin life in the new world, and was emphatically alone, for he was without a friend in America. Born and baptized in the Romish Church, but thrown among Methodists, he was early converted in the old John-Street Methodist Episcopal Church. He was subsequently drawn into the Presbyterian Church and educated for the ministry. Most worthily did he repay to the Church and the cause of Christ the efforts made in his behalf. In public estimation he occupied a wide space as a pious and eloquent clergyman, as a polished and successful lecturer, and especially as a popular and forcible writer. Probably no work on Romanism has been more widely circulated than his letters to Bishop Hughes signed "Kirwan."

(3.) **THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London.** Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence. By Mrs. Oliphant. 8vo.

627 pp. \$3. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Whether the remarkable fame of Irving is due more to his eloquence or to his eccentricities, or, to speak more accurately, his fanaticism, it is difficult to determine. He has been dead twenty-eight years; his work and influence, so far as visible results are concerned, to a great extent perished with him, and yet here is a huge biographical octavo not only fresh from the press, but fresh from authorship, come forth to honor his memory. Of his life and character we hope to speak at some future time. We now have space only for the closing paragraph in this elegantly-written biography. Speaking of his resting-place she says: "There lies a man who trusted God to extremity and believed in all Divine communications with truth as absolute as any patriarch or prophet; to whom mean thoughts and unbelieving hearts were the only things miraculous and out of nature; who desired to know nothing in heaven or earth, neither comfort, nor peace, nor rest, nor any consolation but the will and work of his Master, whom he loved, yet to whose arms children cling with instinctive trust, and to whose heart no soul in trouble ever appealed in vain. He was laid in his grave in the December of 1834—a lifetime since—but scarce any man who knew him can yet name without a softened voice and a dimmed eye the name of Edward Irving—true friend and tender heart—martyr and saint."

(4.) **ORLEY FARM.** By Anthony Trollope. 8vo. Double column. 338 pp. \$1.25. Illustrated by J. E. Millais. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Trollope's book upon America was a decided success. He has also acquired a wide reputation as a writer of novels.

(5.) **A SYSTEM OF LOGIC, comprising a Discussion of the Various Means of Acquiring and Retaining Knowledge and Avoiding Error.** By P. McGregor, A. M. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. 469 pp.—In this work the author has attempted "to comprise within moderate limits every thing of general interest which properly belongs to logic." He does not accordingly confine it to its usual sphere as the science of inference, but enlarges its boundaries so as to embrace "the science of the acquisition and retention of knowledge and the means of avoiding error." It does not follow the common method of treating the subject, and while we think it an excellent treatise, we are disposed to regard the title a misnomer. It is not so much a system of logic as an exhibition of certain laws of thought. Instead of divesting the science of "scholastic figments which only perplex and mislead the student," the author has furnished other figments of his own scarcely simpler or more expressive. We doubt whether the formal logic can be better presented than in the system of Aristotle, as expounded by his modern disciples—Whateley, Prof. De Morgan, and Mills.

(6.) **A MANUAL OF INFORMATION AND SUGGESTIONS FOR OBJECT LESSONS.** By *Marcus Willson*. New York: *Harper & Bros.* Cincinnati: *Robert Clarke & Co.* 12mo. 336 pp.—This volume is designed to accompany a series of charts containing miscellaneous instruction in reading, drawing, colors, zoology, botany, etc. Before a child is put to letters it may be taught things, and it is possible to instruct it in reading words before it can repeat the alphabet. The system of instruction by object lessons is simply a continuation of nature's method, and the young pupil is taught to observe, learn, and think for himself. Instead of using the objects themselves in the process of instruction, pictures of the objects are used; and these are contained in a series of charts numbering twenty-two. As the charts have not been sent to us for notice we can not speak of their merit, and as the book is largely founded upon them, we can not tell how far it answers its purpose.

(7.) **MISTRESS AND MAID: A Household Story.** By *Miss Mulock*. Paper covers. 50 cents. New York: *Harper & Brothers.* Cincinnati: *Robert Clarke & Co.*

(8.) **WESTMINSTER REVIEW** contains Essays and Reviews; British Sea Fisheries; Railways; Gibraltar; *Encyclopedia Britannica*; *Idees Napoleonniennes*; Relig-

ious Difficulties of India; The Slave Power; Cotemporary Literature. Cincinnati: G. N. Pease.

(9.) **THE BOOK OF DAYS: A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in Connection with the Calendar.** Parts VII and VIII. 20 cents per part. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippencott & Co.* Cincinnati: *Robert Clarke & Co.*

(10.) **MORAL HEROISM**, its Essentialness to the Crisis—a sermon preached in the Wabash-Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, Illinois. By Rev. Robert Laid Collier, Pastor.

(11.) **CAUSES AND PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE CIVIL WAR; or, Facts for the People of Great Britain.** By *William Taylor, of California.* London: *Simpkin, Marshall & Co.*

(12.) **WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.**—Our thanks are due to President Cummings and also to Prof. Foss for Catalogues of this institution. The classes are well represented, numbering 29, 34, 54, and 33 respectively, and making a total of 150.

(13.) **CENTRAL OHIO CONFERENCE.**—The Minutes of this Conference make a pamphlet of 118 pages. We are indebted to Prof. W. G. Williams, Secretary, for a copy. It is very ample and complete in its details.

Editor's Table.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—We come at the opening of a new year, greeting to all our patrons and friends. To each one of you we wish happiness and peace. May light and joy shine upon your path; may sickness and death be kept away from your home; may no storm-cloud in the tempest of war darken your dwelling; may you be happy in the enjoyment of life's blessings; and above all, may you be happy in the crowning mercy of your Heavenly Father! Our mission to you is one of love. We would enhance all the pleasures of life by ministering to elevation of thought and feeling. We would smooth the rugged road of the weary traveler, lighten his heavy burden, cheer his lonely hours, and raise his soul to broader views and loftier purposes by insensibly wooing it away from that which is merely material and worldly to the intellectual and the spiritual. If, then, we fulfill our mission, which, by the grace of God, we intend to do, we shall contribute something more than an inane wish that you may have a happy year. The Repository itself will be among the ingredients as well as sources of that happiness.

LAKE GEORGE IN THE OLDEN TIME.—To Summer tourists Lake George presents attractions rarely equaled. Easily accessible from our great thoroughfares of travel, it is a popular resort for vacation rambles, and its interest is not abated by the large numbers who annually visit it. Apart from its natural beauty, its historical associations, a few of which were mentioned in our September number, render it peculiarly attractive. A century has made many changes in its surroundings, but time has not toppled its hills, nor submerged its

islands. The Indian no longer floats his canoe over its placid surface; but the lover of nature can still find, as the artist has done, some glimpses of its original wildness. The poetry and legends of this beautiful lake—*Horicon*, or "Silver Water," as the Indians named it—have not yet been penned by the bard and the romancist; but our first American novelist, Cooper, has gathered and employed some of them in the "Last of the Mohicans." Many still living can remember Lake George as it was in the olden time, for so rapid has been our march of civilization that we reckon not our country's antiquity by centuries but by years. The muse of history as she sweeps through all ages and counts up the generations of men, calls modern what we here name olden. Yet how many events crowd together within the space of a single lifetime! In the early French and Indian Wars, and in our colonial struggle with Great Britain, this region was the scene of several bloody engagements. Here are *Ticonderoga* and *Crown Point*. The ruins of three forts are still visible at the head of the lake, and only a mile or two away a little lake, known as "Bloody Pond," is said to have been filled with the bodies of those who were slain in a fierce battle on its shore. When the future legendary gathers up the traditions of Lake George there will be many which belong to its history in the olden time.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.—This is, as we are assured, a true portrait and not an ideal picture. A fancy picture might have been more pleasing, but could never furnish so true a counterpart to the facts of her history.

THE RAINBOW.—Our readers will think with us that Mr. Jones has succeeded in getting up one of the neatest little gems imaginable for our title-page. The earth has just received a fresh baptism of "the sweet rain" from the heavens. But the storm-cloud is now rolling away in the distance, and the bald mountain peaks come forth appearing more grand than ever. The surface of the deep lake is still mottled by the falling rain-drops. And now the bow, God's own witness that the earth shall be destroyed by water no more, constructs its wondrous arch in the sky. There it stands just as we have seen it a thousand times in nature, its arch lifted up against the dark background of retiring cloud, its hither limb, to which hangs the veritable "pot of gold," reaches down till we see the very spot where it touches the water this side of the distant hills. Few have rendered the poetic beauty of the rainbow more truthfully than our own Mrs. Amelia B. Welby—

"Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft tinted pinions in purple and gold;
'T was born in a moment, yet quick at its birth
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And fair as an angel it floated as free
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea."

Its significance has been touched by the poet Campbell with a master hand—

"And yet, fair bow, no fabled dreams,
But words of the Most High
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky;
As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam;
For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spake peace to man."

A FEW NOTES TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We find it impossible to respond by private communication to the many letters addressed to us. It results not from indifference or carelessness, but the consumption of time it would require places it beyond our power. One says, "Please write and let me know if my article is accepted." Impossible thus to accommodate contributors. Another—"Did you receive my article sent three months ago?" Very likely, and if so it has taken the regular course. Another—"Please return the article on — which I sent you three years ago." Bless you, it was burned up long ago. If you wish to preserve your articles when not published retain a copy. Another—"Please insert this article in your next number." Can not do it; the last page of the next number is already in type. Another—"I have sent you eleven articles and only two have been published." Yes, and if you had put all the labor bestowed upon the eleven upon the two it would not have hurt them. It is easy to cover page after page with mere commonplace thought, but labor only will make a good writer. Another—"Why do you never publish my articles?" Most of them are too long, and all of them are too prosy. Articles for a magazine must have point, pith, "snap" in them, or ten to one they will not be read. Then, too, long articles must be the rare exception. Another—but we must stop.

We have reason, however, to thank our many contributors for their kind consideration. We disappoint none willingly, and we are glad to know that disappointment on their part is rarely taken unkindly.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following articles are respectfully declined:

Prose.—The End of Human Greatness; A Tempest on the Sea; Love, Fame, and Immortality; God Watcheth Over All; The Poetry of Nature; The Poetry of the Germans; The Girl Infidel; Dreams and Gold; A Memorial Paper; Angel Whispers; Night Brings out the Stars; The Lessons Practiced; A Life Sketch; Marrying a Widower; The Two Pictures, or Taking Down the Old Home; and Wilson Lee. Edgar Allan Poe is a fervid apology for one whose bad life is in sad contrast with his brilliant endowments.

Poetry.—Over Half-Way Heavenward; Son, Give me thy Heart; A Dream; The Beautiful World; Gone from Me Forever; My Wife; Sweet Land of Liberty; Watching for Pa; The Soldier's Dream of Home; Thoughts on a Bouquet of Flowers; The Author of my Frame; Alice—a Story; Soldier's Farewell; Passing Away; Grandma's Grave; Jael; Be of Good Cheer; The Angel Flower-Gatherer; How Near is Heaven; Music of Spring; On the Death of Rev. Robert M'Reynolds; Lost; Dead; Les Saisons; A Harvest Hymn; The Lost Pearl of Life; The Beautiful Home.

The above is a long list. It shows how large an interest is centered in the Repository. Some will feel afflicted; but we trust none will be discouraged.

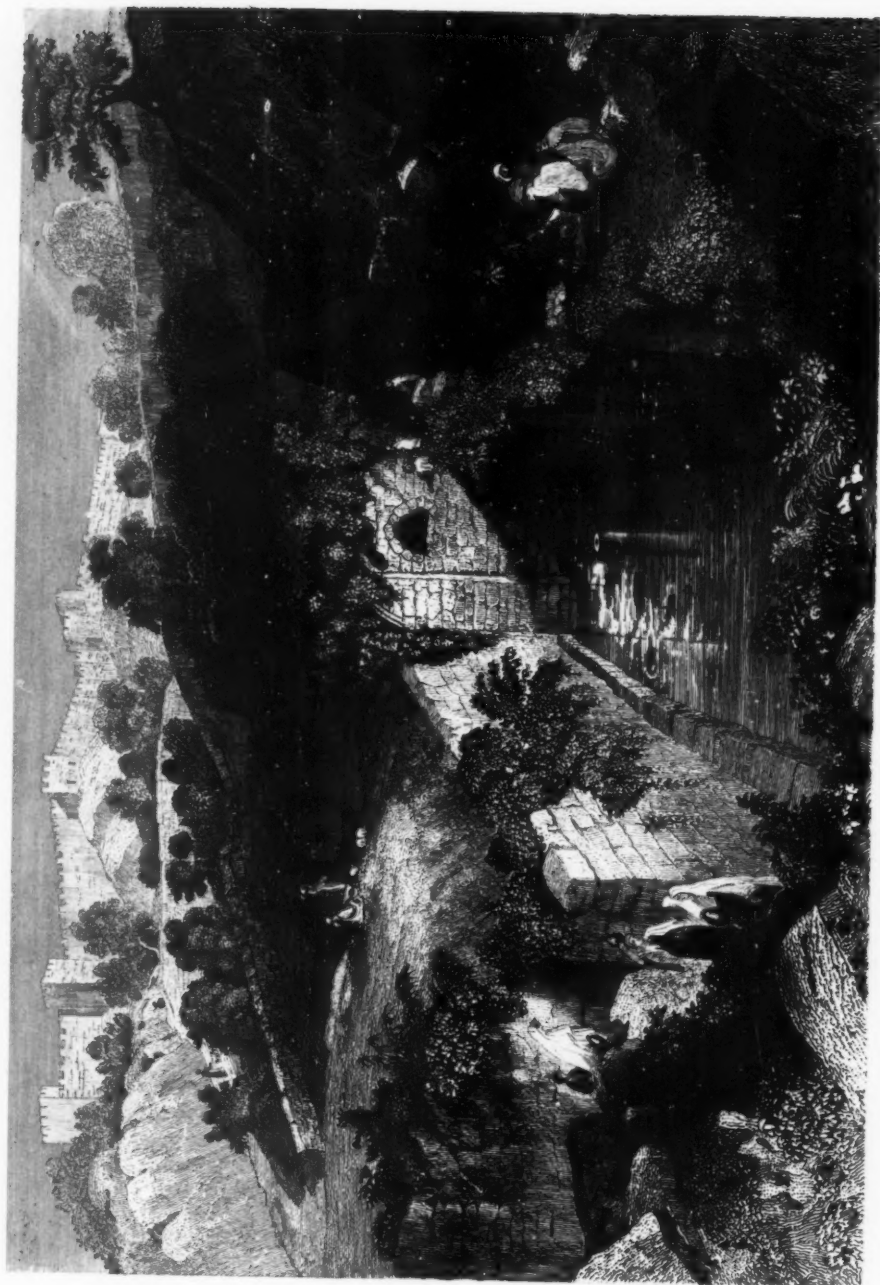
BE PATIENT.—Many articles, both in prose and poetry, have passed the ordeal of examination, and are on file for publication. Their number precludes the early appearance of many of them.

MARY E. WILCOX.—This sweet singer and genuine poet is a great favorite with our readers. Two significant cards make the announcement that Mary E. Wilcox is *no more*—Mary E. Wilcox, but Mrs. Mary E. Alvord. May new and brighter joys attune the heart and tongue to new and sweeter melodies!

DR. TEFFT A CONTRIBUTOR TO THIS VOLUME.—Our predecessor, now Consul of the United States at Stockholm, will be a regular contributor to this volume. His situation affords him rare opportunities for a rich series of articles on Scandinavian life and literature. Our readers will welcome him again to the columns of the magazine he edited so long and so well.

PROFESSOR WINCHELL'S ARTICLES.—The lovers of good reading will be glad to see that Professor Winchell, of Michigan State University, resumes his series in this number. No one can read those articles without profit. They are written not only in an elevated style, but by one who is master of his subject.

A SPECIMEN NUMBER will be sent to each traveling preacher, to be used in procuring subscribers. Dear brother, if you can not use it thus yourself, do not throw it aside, but put it into the hands of some lady, or other member of the Church, who will canvass your charge. Give them the commission for their labor. There is a general concurrence in fixing the price at \$2.50. Now, if we can secure an equally-unanimous concurrence in filling up the subscription lists, the Repository will outlive the storm gloriously.



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